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NEW BRUNSWICK,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

DAVID PALMER.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,
singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.

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TO THE CHILDREN

WHOM GOD HATH GRACIOUSLY GIVEN ME—THE FRUIT
OF MY BODY, AND THE DESIRE OF MY HEART—

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

IN dedicating to you these effusions of my pen, I give you a more faithful portrait of your Father's heart than the most ingenious artist could give of his countenance on the polished plate or the finest marble. Here, you see the results of his most serious thoughts; what he has ventured to write for Eternity; and what he hopes to seal with his dying testimony; and which he would rejoice to see published to the world. On the doctrines embodied in these pages he can freely venture his eternal interest, and go forward to meet the presence of Him who sits upon the great White Throne, from whom all the family of Adam shall receive their final destiny; and to which he is not afraid to call the most serious attention of those whom he most dearly loves. God is love; and nothing but love can find acceptance with Him.

May the blessing of the God of Love rest on you and yours to the latest generation, is the ardent breathing of

Your affectionate Father,

DAVID PALMER.



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NEW BRUNSWICK.

A POEM.

BOOK FIRST.

ARGUMENT.—Proem: Non-invocation: Outline of Climate: Productions; Animals; Rivers; Savage Life; Colonization; Lumbering.

LET loftier bards sublimer themes pursue;
I sing my native land: unsung before.
Nor need I climb Parnassus' heights, nor court
The Muses' aid: for Nature spreads her stores
In wide profusion, to inspire the song.
Diversity reigns here, unrivalled.
The land of vast extremes of heat and cold,
Where Cerealia's progeny matures
In three short months, under the solar heat:
And by the gelid breath from the bleak hills
Of Labrador, an icy chain is forged
To bind one half the year, and clothe the ground
With snow's bright carpet, till the month of May.
Wide o'er the surface of New Brunswick's soil
A waving forest spreads its leafy shade,
(Not planted by the puny hand of man,
But sown by Him who fixed the sparkling gems

In heaven's blue arch,) where the lofty Pines
Rear their majestic heads, and through their boughs
The softer breezes moan ; where the fragrant Fir
Yields the clear balsam, famed in pharmacy.
Here grows, profusely wild, the Silver Fir,
Which yields our staple in Europa's marts,
Wafted by many sail o'er Ocean's waves.
Here, too, the Cedar finds congenial soil,
And flourishes, a beauteous evergreen.
Nor must I fail—while glancing o'er a field
Of wide botanic range—to sing the tree
From whose hard grains the saccharine juice exudes,
Vieing with India's cane. But I forbear
To wander farther through the boundless range,
And tune my lyre to sing the patriarch Oak,
That braved the tempest for a thousand years,
But prostrate fell at last, and strewed the ground.

Nor will I leave unsung the Quadrupeds,
That roam at large through this wide wilderness.
And seek their food from Him who made them first.
Where boggy soil forbid the trees to grow,
There roam the stately Moose in quest of food ;
Or herds of Caribou crop the coarse grass.
The gloomy Bear prowls o'er the fruitful vale,
Or on the sandy shore of the blue lake,
Where beach and oak their oily fruits dispense :
Thus for his hibernation he prepares ;
For e'er the solar orb in Capricorn
His fervid chariot stays, he seeks his den,
And sleeps till Sol's bright beams from Taurus shines.

But instinct to reason makes a near approach
In the ingenious Beaver ; who foresees
The winter storms, and makes himself a home :
Without an implement, save what pertains
To his own body, he the streamlet dams :
The rising wave recedes, and forms a lake,
Where he his mud-wrought citadel prepares.
Here the amphibious Otter finds a home,
And roves at large ; showing the handy work
Of Him whose kingdom ruleth over all.
Seeking his food, the slow-paced Porcupine
Creeps forth, devoid of fear ; for when pursued,
His archéd back the barbéd spines present,
And the carniverous jaws with haste recede.
One brute there is, though not indigenous—
But wandered from a climate less severe—
Whose only armour is a fetid scent ;
Yet, with impunity, few war with him.

Now, be New Brunswick's Rivers next my theme.
No land on earth can boast of finer streams :
Whether we trace them winding round the hills,
Half hidden by the bending leafy shade
Of towering evergreens, which crown their shores ;
Or, rushing o'er the rocks with murmuring sound ;
Or, bearing on their rippled bosom, down
Toward the sea-board, many a cumberous raft.
But, one among them claims a special note,
Named from that Saint, who, exiled for the truth,
On Patmost Isle, saw the Apocalypse.
For many miles this noble river flows,

And many tributary streams receives.
On its fair bosom many a steamer plies,
And numerous sails are seen. Its verdant banks
With towns and hamlets crowned, attract the sight ;
While its rich islands and alluvial vales
With vernal foliage shine. Thus, on it flows,
Till through a narrow gorge, with boiling rage,
It shoots into the sea. Over this gorge,
By scientific skill, a noble bridge,
Suspended from its wiry cables, hangs

Now, Muse, the onerous task on thee devolves
To sing of Savage life,—describe the way
How the first natives of New Brunswick's soil
Procured their food, and made it fit for use.
As herds of Caribou fresh pasturage sought,
And marked the beaten path, as they migrate ;
Here the sagacious hunter plants his snare,
And smiles to see the fleet old Buck his prey :
But whence the cordage that compose the snare ?
Nor hemp nor flax he knows : what shall he use
As substitutes for those important plants ?
The fibrous rind of *Ulmus* well supplies.
Nor were the arms, which all rude nations use,
Unknown to him—the bow and barbéd shaft,—
Which he with most amazing patience wrought.
A broken flint, by accident made sharp,
Supplies the place of the keen steel, with which
This rude zoötomist flays and dissects his prey.
Ask you his clothing ? that is quickly told :
What superseded Adam's fig-leaf dress

Forms the warm vestment of my Indian too.
Now, Muse, describe the shelter he prepares.
To shield him from the storm : A few small poles
Placed circling on the ground, unite at top,
Forming a cone abrupt : These covered o'er
With sheets of bark, united firm and strong.
With fibrous roots plucked from the silver fir,
Forms a fair covering to exclude the rain.
The area, strewed with boughs of fragrant fir,
Lays the soft carpet, where he may recline ;
While the warm fire, about the centre, glows.
A sheet of bark, extended by a rod,
With sinewy hinges hung, supplies a door :
An aperture at top admits, with ease,
The light, and lets the murky smoke escape.
Now, we 'll step in, and view domestic bliss—
Sanop, and Squaw, and rosy-cheeked Papoose—
And say, if half the wants which luxury feigns,
Are real ! Here 's no Turkey-carpet spread ;
No glossy silk hangs o'er the gilded sash ;
No costly viands, served in shining plate ;
No sparkling wine, to tempt unnatural thirst.—
But healthy appetite, and simple food.
Describe the meal : A musk-rat, merely flayed.
With grinning teeth, and scaly tail, impaled
On wooden spit inserted in the ground.
Inclining toward the fire, broils slowly done.
When thus prepared, each chooses what he loves,
Till, like Mahomet's pig (so Cowper sings),
From head to tail, 't is eaten.
'T was thus, for ages, the Red Savage lived,

And trod New Brunswick's soil, unknown to all
Who traced the historic page, in other climes.
But time rolls on, and travellers from the West
Explore New Brunswick's coast; and on return.
The news transpires, of rich alluvial soil,
And beauteous rivers crowned with lofty elms.
The Anglo-Saxon blood at once is stirred,
And burns for emigration. On they pour,
Till sad experience checks the flowing tide.
The sons of luxury who, stretched at ease
On sofas soft, or promenade the deck
Of the swift steamer pressing into port;
Or, sitting leisurely in the warm stage,
Drawn by swift steeds along the icy road,
Can scarce conceive the hardships those endured
Who broke the maiden soil on Sheffield's banks.
Then, when the scanty store was being spent,
Mounted on snow-shoes, with laborious toil,
They on the hand-sled haul the heavy load
For more than three score miles. Thus they, for years,
With more than human courage, persevered.
At length a little shallop finds its way
From Boston, brings supplies, and in return
Takes what they have to spare. And Oh, what joy
Was felt in these lone hearts, when that small craft
Was in the offing seen! More joy than now
Is felt by all the crowds that throng the quays
When an Atlantic steamer heaves in sight.
Now, war ensues between Great Britain and
Her Colonies, which, when it terminates,
Declares the latter free. Then, those who still

Adhere to British rule, seek refuge here
Beneath her spreading banner. Thus, at length,
This Province rose, and colonized became.

Now, Commerce, with her eagle eye, surveys
New Brunswick's forest, and holds out the bait
Of mutual profit in her Timber trade.
Then, near the margin of the flowing stream.
The axe resounds, and down the lofty pine
Is prostrate laid, and to the sea-port brought.
Thus, on a minor scale, began the trade
Which makes some rich, while more are bankrupts :
And yet, it forms the staple in our marts.

BOOK SECOND.

ARGUMENT.—The Patriarch Oak—the date of its being planted—its locality; The Haleyon and the Bear; The Oak glancing at what has transpired during a millenary; The discovery of America; Reformation; Bible Society; Progress of the Arts; Advice to Youth, etc.

I TUNE my lyre to sing the Patriarch Oak
That braved the tempests of a thousand years,
But prostrate fell at last, and strewed the ground :
In vain I search tradition's dimmest ray
To find an epoch here to date my song.
Then, Muse, expand thy wings for Europe's shore.
And set thy lyre to her chronology.
Long ere Genoa's son conceived the thought
That other lands rose from the briny deep,

Beyond where Sol's declining beams stoop down
To kiss the Atlantic wave in the far West :
In those dark ages, when the Gospel sun
Was set in Europe, and the gloomy night
Of Popish darkness brooded o'er her realms :
When Saxon Egbert wore the British crown,
And Charlemagne the Gaulic sceptre swayed ;
Then first the acorn that produced the tree
I sing, fell on the softened soil, and grew
An oakling fair, and spread its branches wide.

Say, now, ye prying antiquaries, say,
What then New Brunswick's state? Who trod her soil,
And her spontaneous fruits enjoyed ?
Silent is history, and tradition dumb :
Conjecture only lends her dubious aid
To my adventurous flight through the dark path.
No crowded cities then, with gas-lit streets,
Her sloping hills adorn ; where industry
Her thousand arts pursue. No whitened sail
Swept through her winding streams with wingéd speed.
Nor smoky steamer cut their yielding waves :
But Red Men there, in Nature's rudest state,
In search of food, through her wide forest roamed.

Within the County, named from Female rule,
A wide-expanded water rolls its waves :
This vast, capacious basin, scooped by Him
Whose foresight never errs, is made to hold
The surplus waters caused by melting snows,
Lest they submerge the vales, and thus destroy

The fair productions of their richest soils.
 On the fair bosom of this limpid Lake,
 The steamers ply to tow the ponderous raft
 Down to the great emporium to be shipped ;
 And where, for pleasure, many a trip is made.
 'T was on the sandy shore of this blue Lake
 My Monarch of the Forest reared its head
 And spread its shade, while ages passed away.
 The tufted haleyou, on its topmost bough,
 Oft sits, watching the finny tribes ; and if
 Within his grasp the shining chub appears.
 Down from his aerial height, precipitant,
 He plunges in the wave ; then, rising, bears
 The fluttering prize away.

When Sol in Scorpio rides with dimmer ray,
 And Luna turns her darkened side to us,
 And bleak October's blackest nights succeed ;
 Then from the boundless forest's deep recess,
 With timid look and stealthy tread.
 The savage bear comes forth, and climbs upon my oak
 To feast upon the wholesome fruit it yields.
 Now, will I give my aged tree a tongue,
 To tell what he has seen since first he reared
 His head above the shrubs which grew around.

Look down, my thoughts, through the long vista of
 A thousand years ; and at the farther end
 Behold the darkness, palpable as that
 Which covered Egypt at Jehovah's call,
 When Moses raised his rod. That glorious light

Which, at the Saviour's advent shone so clear,
Was, by the righteous judgment of the Lord,
Eclipsed, and strong desulsion sent. Priestcraft
And superstition, like fell vampyres, sucked
The vital flood of human weal, and left
Nought but the acrid ichor of the soul.
The streams, from whence true learning ought to flow,
Were choked with "old wives' fables": Intellect,
That noble gift of heaven, was trampled on
By lordly Prelates—ignorant as the brutes—
Who signed their names by proxy; worshipped bones
And rotten rags, relics of saints (falsely
So called) whose names in deepest infamy
Should rot. Thus did the "Man of Sin" tread down
All civil power. Emperors, at his gate,
Did penance. Kings led his steed, while he rode
Haughty on, in gorgeous robes attired.
And Oh, let Albion blush, while I relate:
Henry the Second was compelled to walk
Barefoot, o'er three long miles of flinty road;
And on his naked back the knotted cord
Receive, most furiously laid on, by Monks,
Bishops, and Abbots. Then, compelled to drink
The blood of Becket, to atone for that
Vile miscreant's death; than whom a greater
Hypocrite ne'er lived; yet, styled a saint.
Oh! I have seen crimes, black as hell could urge,
Cloaked with the garb of fiery zeal for God.
I've seen the vilest wretches canonized,
And Virtue, in her loveliest form, despised.
I've seen the cross, on which the Saviour died,

Adored ; while those who loved His name were slain.
I've seen the pilgrims, with unwearied zeal,
Toil on, for years, along the tiresome road,
To see the spot where once the Saviour laid,
Who hate the holy doctrines which He taught.
I've seen a hermit, on a stupid ass,
Bearing the ponderous crucifix aloft,
Preach the importance of a holy war,
And rouse all Europe with the blindest rage,
To fight against the high decree of heaven.
Thus, were two millions of the human race,
And an immense amount of wealth, destroyed,
And nothing gained, but shame and foul defeat.
I've seen ambition climb Fame's highest scale,
And by the breath of Envy prostrate blown.
I've seen Pride prompt the conqueror to aim
At universal empire, — stretch the hand
To grasp the prize, and fall to rise no more.
I've seen the Courtier basking in the beams
Of Royal favour, insolently strive
To wrest the sceptre from the lawful grasp,
By over-taxed endurance headlong sent.
Then, "might was right;" and tilts and tournaments
Prepared the armed knight to meet his foe
In single combat. Life was then the game
They played. Leaders of clans, with armed serfs,
In deadly strife engage, to rescue slaves,
Augment their wealth, or female wrongs avenge.

But time rolled on, and some faint gleams of light
Shot through the gloom, indicative of day.

Till Wickliffe, the bright morning star, arose
O'er Britain's Isle, foretelling early dawn.

But, where was Zion hidden through the gloom
Of those dark ages? Where the Kingdom now,
Prefigured by the Stone cut from the rock,
Destined to break all kingdoms hostile to
Messiah's reign? One, here and there, were found
Who from their lips the Scarlet Lady's cup
Of vile abominations wisely dashed,
Nor of her devil-worship would partake.
The name of one I would with pleasure trace,
Who, in the midnight gloom, shone like a star
Of the first magnitude o'er Britain's Isle —
Immortal Bradwardine — of purest faith.
In France, and Flanders, a few gems were seen,
"Like angels' visits, few and far between;"
But, in those vales by Alpine mountains hid,
Truth's witnesses were chiefly to be found,
Through the long triumph of the "Man of Sin."

But the pure stream of Gospel Truth ran on,
By Wickliffe opened from the Book Divine:
Nor could the flames of persecution stay
Its kindly ingress to the hearts prepared,
Till the bright Sun of Reformation rose.
Science, meanwhile, creeps from her cloistered cells —
The Magnet points the sailor o'er the deep,
And Printing opes the stores of knowledge wide.

Now had Time circled round my oaken heart
More than seven hundred layers; when, behold,

Upon the theatre a man is seen
Absorbed in thoughts of infinite results.—
No less than the discovery of a world.
He stands upon the shore of the broad sea,
Viewing the setting sun : And fondly asks —
“ Are there no hills thy evening rays can gild
Beyond th’ Azores, until thy morning
Beams fall on the Himalayan peaks ?
Surely there are ; or how shall be preserved
The equilibrium, as the ponderous globe
Upon its axis whirls diurnally ?
Oh, had I but the means, the problem soon
I’d solve.” He seeks for aid, but meets defeat.
Until Iberia’s most illustrious Queen
His cause espouse, and bids the squadron sail.
What vast events hang on the safety of
Those feeble barks ! But shall they sink ? Ah no !
Though mutiny arise, and Ocean heave
Her bosom to the sky, yet they’re as safe
As those blest inmates of that Ark which rode
The crested waves that drowned a guilty world.
Safely they sail upon the untravelled deep.
Till the New World to Europe is made known.
Ill-fated voyager ! Keenly made to feel
Man’s black ingratitude toward his kind.
Envy, and love of gold — root of all ill —
Deprived Columbus of his hard-earned fame.
Cabot discovered this our northern coast :
And one, less worthy, names the Western world.
High-flushed with golden dreams, Iberia’s sons
Rushed forth to plunder and destroy. But, I

Forbear to harrow up the reader's soul
By reminiscences that should remain
For ever covered by oblivion's veil.

Still did the "Scarlet Lady" ride the beast,
Sitting on many waters, till her pride
Awaked the awful vengeance of the Lord :
Light, from the Sacred Word, began to show
Her hideous countenance, besmeared with blood.
Europe arose, and from her torpid limbs
The curséd incubus strove to throw off.
Long was the struggle ; deadly was the strife :
But He who on the white horse rode, went forth
To conquest. Satan's empire was assailed,
And a new era thus was ushered in.

Ah, these were halcyon days ! The Holy One,
With his two-edged sword, cut deep into
The hearts of sinners. In the true light, they
Saw themselves justly condemned, ruined, lost ;
And in a full salvation greatly joyed.
More precious than Golconda's diamonds, then,
The written Word, in their own native tongue.
Princes and Monarchs laid their sceptres down
At Jesus' feet, to learn the Law of Him.
Men of the true "succession" — called of God —
In demonstration of the Spirit's power,
The joyful sound of Gospel Grace proclaimed :
But Satan raged ; and many, through the fire
Of hottest persecution, passed to bliss.

But now the foe his hostile tactics changed :
With fire and sword no longer he assails,

But with emoluments, and State support.
He seeks, as with a flood, the Church to drown.
And now, her sacred domes no more resound
With Gospel Truth, from Holy Scripture drawn ;
But moral lectures, stole from ethic tomes,
Made Pharisees, and scattered wide the flock.
Meanwhile, the "Man of Sin," unwearied, strives
By hellish machinations, to destroy
The truth, which God in mercy had revived.
While Bessie, Albion's fair regalia wore,
Iberia's sons the great "Armada" planned.
But, at the voice of God, the heavenly flood
Sunk it beneath the wave. Then down to hell
They dig, and lay the train, with murderous art.
By sulphurous grains, a deadly game to play.
But that Omniscient Eye that never sleeps,
Brought all their curséd projects to the light.
Again they turn ; and of oppression whine,
And for emancipation loudly sue.
Oh England ! Oh, my father-land ! I mourn
The day when thou didst thoughtlessly unbind
The giant foe our Fathers' had confined
With gentle bands, who now designs to bind
Thy hapless sons with slavery's iron chain.
Turn o'er the history of the past, and see
How deeply stained with blood—thy fathers' blood,
The curséd footsteps of the Scarlet Whore
Displays. Look at the nations now beneath
Her sway, and let the contrast strike thine eye.
How great must that infatuation be
Which demonstration, clear, will not remove.

Again, the Gospel light is seen to dawn
On Britain's favoured Isle, to usher in
A day that thousands hailed with gratitude,—
A day which gave "Leuconomus" to fly . . . *
Like that bright Angel which was seen by John.
And blow the Gospel trump, and pave the way
For that blest era which *our* eyes behold.
Waked from that fatal lethargy, induced
By that narcotic which in Leyden sprang.
And from the cursed cup of Laud imbibed,
A noble host is seen, on British ground,
And on Columbia's shore, both in the pale
Of England's church, and in dissenting ranks,
Who breathe to send the glorious Gospel wide
O'er heathen lands, that all may hear the sound
Man now perceives more clearly than before
What, by united effort, can be gained :
Hence sprang those numerous bands of social tie.
To teach, and preach, and sow the precious seed.

Now, on the airy heights of Cimbria see
A little Maid her loving Pastor meet ;
From her he learns, with pain, the paucity
Of that blest Book so kindly given to man.
The pathos of her simple tale, awakes
The heart-felt sympathy of that good man.
"Oh yes," I hear him breathe, "What shall I do
To give the Book of God to my dear land ?
I'll seek, among the lovers of our race,
United effort for my country's good."

* George Whitefield.

And, while he pleads for Wales, a voice responds —
“Why not the world embrace?” Thus sprang the germ
Of that fair tree of life, whose healing leaves
Bring health and peace to nations dead in sin,
And forms the great palladium of our realm.
Truth here a fortress finds, and Popery dies.

Now, be the progress of the Arts, my theme.
Long had Humanity bowed down its neck
Beneath the tread of Superstition's foot —
Almost to brute transformed. But when the light
Of Reformation dawned, then mind began
To take a wider range, — to pierce the sky —
The earth to measure, and the ocean plow.
Italia gave the man who lifts his tube
Toward the midnight sky, and first discerned
The moons which circle Jupiter around.
Britannia boasts the man who, wrapt in thought,
Saw the ripe apple from the tree descend :
And hence inquired, “Why to the nadir prone?
Why not fall upward, and the zenith seek?
Or, in a horizontal line, fly off?
Sure there must be some adamantine chain
That to a centre binds all matter fast.”
That chain he named “Attraction :” though invisible,
Yet Nature's strongest tie ; which settles down
The everlasting hills on their firm base,
And binds the raging Ocean to its bed.
While on its heaving bosom rides the bark.
This noble thought immortalized his name.
By slavery now no longer crushed, the mind

Expatriates freely in the boundless field
Of the Creator's works, and classifies,
And names, what His right hand in wisdom made.
With laudable ambition fired, man now
In the dark mud cot scorns to spend his days;
But, in new style, the stately dome he rears.
The block and stool, to sofas now give place;
And the rich carpet o'er the deal is spread.
The Arts progress, and Commerce spreads the sail;
Wealth heaps her stores, and man to man is known.

Long had the motive power of steam been used
To drain the mine, and lift the pond'rous ore;
But now, its giant strength to ships applied,
Forms a new era in the world's affairs.
No longer now for the fair gale we sigh.
But stir the glowing furnace and create
The fiery vapor, till the iron ribs
Of the strong boiler can endure no more,
But frets, and roars, and vents its furious breath.
The fasts are loosed, and now the wheels revolve,
And the fine steamer cuts her watery way.

Thought follows thought in quick succession, now.
For "Forward" is the watchword of the day.
The fiery steam is to the car attached;
With rapid speed the locomotive runs
Along the iron road; but dashing oft,
With horrid crash: then shrieks and dying groans
With hissing steam commix. Thus, man invents
The means of his destruction, to increase
His locomotion, — often dearly bought.

But, not content with flying, without wings,
He borrows lightning from the elements ;
And on the telegraphic wire conveys,
From mart to mart, the wish'd intelligence.

With a few words of counsel to the Youth,
I now my panoramic exit make,
Count not on length of days ; for were your life
Drawn out coeval with my age, yet still
The hour would soon arrive that tells your fall.
Dote not on riches, for they fly away,
And leave an aching void. Not all the wealth
Of Cræsus life's sweet balm can purchase. No.
Without contentment, nothing can delight.
Let not ambition's towering heights allure,
Lest from those heights you fall, and keen remorse
For ever harrow up your inmost soul.
Let not the harlot, pleasure, tempt your feet .
From virtue's path, but shun her crooked ways.
But, if with nature's dictates you comply,
And hymeneal pleasure seek, wed not
A name armorial, for honour's sake :
More vain than vanity is such a thought.
Let solid worth your soul's ambition claim.
And seek to be made useful in that sphere
Where God, in wisdom, hath your lot assigned.
Then, whether life to ages be drawn out,
Or, in the midst cut off, ALL SHALL BE WELL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

Addressed to **MRS. MARION PALMER**, on the 30th July, 1838, being
the twentieth anniversary of our marriage.

JULY the thirtieth calls to mind
The mercies of the Lord,
Which we have shared since first our hands
Were joined in wedlock's cord.

Time, on his rapid wheels has moved,
And twenty years whirled round ;
And yet our worthless lives are spared,
Though cumberers of the ground.

How many of your dearest friends
Who graced our bridal day,
Have gone, in quick succession, down
To moulder in the clay.

Fair Betsy, foremost, led the train ;
Next, Helen followed soon ;
Then, a kind Mother bade farewell. —
Her sun went down at noon.

The insatiate archer aims again.
And Agnes is his prey ;
Her gentle spirit, weaned from earth,
In triumph soars away.

Death rides again on his pale horse,
And strikes our hearts with dread ;
William, who lately bloomed with health,
Is numbered with the dead.

In at the windows death again
His hated vision shows ;
George is the victim of his dart.
And to the grave he goes.

But ere he closed his languid eyes
Upon the light of day,
William, his little infant son,
In silence steals away.

Scarcely had we dried our weeping eyes,
Or laid our mourning by,
When Margaret—the amiable and loved—
Sweet Margaret too must die.

Now, standing on the verge of time,
Struggling with grief and pains,
Bending beneath a weight of years,
Your Father still remains.

But, though our eyes o'er dying friends
Have shed the briny tear,
Yet mercies numerous as the sands
Have loaded every year.

What clouds of darkness veil our minds !

How little can we see
Through the impenetrable screen
That hides futurity !

Though you were born on Clyde's fair banks,
In Glasgow's ancient town,
And I on Grand Lake's distant shore
Life's painful entrance found :

Though the broad ocean's stormy wave
Our infant hearts divide,
Yet God, in wisdom, had ordained
That you should be my bride.

While my fond heart was wandering far,
My destined spouse to see,
The Lord was leading me along,
And bringing you to me.

When we first saw each other's face
In childhood's early dawn,
We could not then discern the path
Which God for us had drawn.

Oft did we meet, as neighbors do,
Within the holy place ;
Nor did our youthful hearts indulge
The thought of love's embrace.

But I recall the time and place,
And circumstances too,
When first the seeds of love were sown
In my fond heart for you.

Now, in my fiftieth year advanced,
And you in forty-five,
This monument of praise we rear.
And God the glory give—

“The God who formed us by His power,
And called us by His grace,
Whose hand hath led us both thus far,
To HIM shall be the praise.”

AMEN.

PANTING FOR HOME.

LONG have I wandered in this wilderness.
Where thorns and thistles grow,—sad fruits of sin.
Now stretch thy wings, my soul, for thy blest home
Beyond the azure concave. Fear not death :
His shaft was shivered when thy Jesus died :
Crownless and sceptreless he 's made to stand,
At the wide portal of eternity,
To let the ransomed of the Lord pass through.

DIVINE REPROOF.

RECLINED on the verge of a precipice, musing,
O'erhanging a streamlet meand'ring below ;
While wave impelled wave in their passage still onward,
I thought on my life, filled with sorrow and woe.
My memory glanced back on the ages gone by,
And fancy, through optics inverted, descried
The dark gloomy side of that dense cloudy pillar,
Which the deep plans of God and our vision divide.

When at the command of Jehovah Most High,
The typical Israel from Egypt went out
Through a waste howling wilderness, barren and dry,
Devoid of all comforts, their Guide led their route.
And while they were wand'ring the desert around,
Their souls quite discouraged and fainting through fear,
The daughters of Moab in pleasures abound,
And Edom dwells carelessly on his Mount Seir.
And so, while the daughters of sorrow shall weep,
And the sons of affliction be tortured with pain,
The waves of old ocean still roll o'er the deep,
And the rocks on the shores of Euphrates remain.
Even so, while I wander through life's gloomy vale,
And my cup with the waters of Marah o'erflows,
Through the power of temptation my courage oft fails,
And I seem quite abandon'd to th' rage of my foes.

Thus did I indulge in the gloomy and sad,
Till nature's dark shade cast a veil o'er my mind,
When, lo, from above, a sweet voice descended,
Borne soft to my ear, on the wings of the wind,—

"Give heed, O vain mortal, to the instructions of wisdom,
You've wandered in error's dark mazes too long;
Hold up the bright mirror of truth to your vision,
And then you will say 'God has done nothing wrong.'
Unfold the fair pages of sacred biography,
And through the dense cloud of truth's witnesses see
What billows of sorrow, and rivers of anguish,
The saints have all forded, e'er they came up to Me.
Now crown'd on the hill of the Zion of glory,
With all My deep mysteries unveiled to their view,
With pleasures ecstatic, and voices united,
They declare My works great, and My ways just and
true.
Then lay by your sackcloth, your sorrows resign,
Come, re-tune your lyre, and strike up My praise.
At the time I ordained, you shall rest from your labours,
And stand in your lot at the end of the days."

A GLANCE WITHIN THE VEIL.

"What wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JER. xii. 5.

MY soul, thou 'st past thy three score years,
And to life's winter come;
Earth's joys and honors now recede,
And thou art nearing home.

Soon must thy feeble body fall
Into its parent dust;
What hast thou then beyond the grave
That's worthy of thy trust?

Canst thou look back on life well spent,
And pious deeds performed ?
And, wrapt in thine own righteousness,
Dare venture through the storm ?

Can these embolden thee to stand
Before His awful face,
From whom the heavens and earth shall flee,
And nowhere find a place ?

My God ! how dreadful were my case,
Had I no better ground
Whereon to stand before Thy face
Than in myself is found ?

What is it then shall stay my soul,
And banish slavish fear ?
Nought but the righteousness of God,
And by Himself brought near.

A guilty, helpless, bankrupt soul,
Devoid of every good ;
I cast myself upon free Grace,
Flowing through Jesus' blood.

No other way do I desire
To approach the living God,
Than clothed in Jesus' righteousness,
And purchased with His blood.

I have smitten you: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the
Lord.—Amos iv. 6.

As down in a meadow I mowed the green grass,
To constitute food for the winter's repast,
I swung the keen scythe o'er the back of a frog
That sat watching his prey by the side of a log;
He sprang for protection, but not as frogs do,
Into the thick grass, and the danger renew,
But only to me, who the blow could dispense,
This wise little animal fled for defence.
Said I to myself, "Here's a lesson for me:"
When God strikes my comforts, to Him may I flee.
Where shall I find safety but in His great name,
Whose power, love, and goodness, is ever the same?
Can I do an action which God cannot see?
Can I find a place from His presence to flee?
No, for *in* Him I live, and *by* Him am moved;
His goodness from life's early dawn I have proved:
Then when He resumes all the blessings bestowed,
I'll find my felicity only in God.
His power will protect me while wandering below,
And in His own time to His fullness I'll go.

Suggested by seeing a flock of wild Geese migrating southward in the
Autumn of 1848.

SEE the wintry storms approaching,
Hear the borean breezes blow ;
See the lowering clouds collecting,
Fraught with hail, and sleet, and snow.

See the instinctive birds of passage,
True to the migrating time,
High in air, and pointing southward,
Pressing to a milder clime.

Sinner, lift thine eyes above thee,
See how nature teacheth thee ;
View the storm of wrath collecting,
To the only refuge flee.

Is thy heart so stupefied,—
So to sensual pleasures bound,
That, unheeded and unwarned,
Winter tokens thee surround ?

Yes, the voice of Inspiration
Makes this solemn truth appear,
Thou art more devoid of wisdom,
Than the beasts that perish here.*

Not the voice from Sinai's mountain,
Not the earthquake, nor the fire ;
Not the sound of legal thunders,
Nor the threat of vengeful ire :

*Jeremiah viii. 7.

But the voice of sovereign mercy
Sounding through a Saviour's blood,
Makes the soul alive to danger,
Points it to the refuge — God.

Then he hears His voice in all things,
Now he sees Him everywhere ;
All creation's wide extension
Does his handywork declare.

But, my soul, these wingéd travellers
Have a voice that speaks to thee ;
See the storms of age approaching,
To thy refuge — Jesus, flee.

Thou hast had thy summer season ;
Fair and flowery was thy path ;
But the hours are fast approaching
That for thee no pleasure hath.*

Through the glass of Revelation
Faith discerns a tempest near,
But should its aspect seem most gloomy,
Yet the saints have nought to fear.

Jesus is their endless portion :
To the chambers of His grace
They shall migrate in due season,
Dwell secure in His embrace.

* Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

THE INFIDEL'S DOUBT REMOVED.

I STOOD beside the open grave
Designed for Hellen's tomb ;
I saw the gloomy hearse arrive,
And sable mourners come.

I saw the dear remains laid down
Upon their clay-cold bed,
I heard the clods successive fall
Upon the coffin lid.

The solemn obsequies performed,
Back the procession went :
Musing, I lingered on the spot,
And o'er the hillock bent.

Is this, thought I, the final end
Of human hope and fear ?
Does man's proud aspirations meet
Annihilation here ?

I asked of all the heathen scribes —
Could they the query solve ?
Their answer but increased my doubt,
And left me more involved.

Philosophy's broad firmament,
With all its meteor glow,
No guide to immortality
My anxious soul could show.

I turned away in deep disgust,
And cursed my natal day ;
When lo, the righteous Sun arose
To chase the clouds away.

Eternal thanks to Sovereign Grace,
That cleared my doubtful way,
And opened wide the portals bright
That leads to endless day.

Now, death, I court thy deadly shaft,
To ease me of my pain ;
Grave, I shall triumph o'er thy power,
For I shall rise again.

Thy gloomy cavern now no more
Shall waken slavish fear.
For I shall leave thy dark abode
When I th' Archangel hear.

THE BRIDAL FESTIVITY TURNED INTO THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

As down the vale of life I strayed,
'Midst flowers of various dyes,
One beauteous rose of virgin white
First caught my wand'ring eyes.

I saw it rear its comely head,
And ope its leaves to view ;
I saw it bask in Sol's bright beams,
And sip the limpid dew.

I saw it stand, the pride of flowers,
 With perfect beauty crowned ;
 Soft zephyrs caught its balmy sweets,
 And breathed the fragrance round.

While I upon this lovely flower
 My panegyric made,
 Fidelis, pensive and alone,
 Along the border strayed.

As he approached this charming rose
 With soft and easy tread.
 Toward his hand, with courtly grace,
 It bent its beauteous head.

I saw upon his manly face
 The smile of pleasure dawn,
 For not a sweeter flower than his
 Adorned the dewy lawn.

Possession only now remained,
 His fondest hopes to crown,
 When Time advanced, with his keen scythe,
 And mowed the beauty down.

While prostrate at his feet it fell,
 I heard him sigh, and say,
 "Henceforth I seek celestial flowers
 That cannot fade away.

Since my fair rose but bloomed to die,
 And my fond hopes betray,
 I'll seek the Rose of Sharon now :
 He blooms to endless day."

THE GREATEST WONDER.

I've seen the lofty mountains rear
Their "broad bare backs" on high,
And by their cooling breath, condense
The vapours passing by.

I've seen the mighty ocean stretch
Its arms along the shore,
And heard its curling billows break
In long continued roar.

I've seen the glorious Lamp of Day
In Cancer rear his head,
And through the dappled clouds above
His golden splendour shed.

I've traced the verdant meads of Spring,
Adorned with lilies fair,
While balmy sweets on zephyr's wing
Perfumed the ambient air.

I've heard the wintry tempest howl,
The rapid whirlwind rise ;
I've heard the deep-toned thunders roll,
While lightning rent the skies.

But, Oh, by faith, I've had a view,
That beggars *all sublime* ;
I've seen — a God — upon a cross.
And Oh, that God was MINE !

Now I can tread on glittering crowns,
And all earth's golden store;
That God who bled and died for me,
Now lives for evermore.

He's gone to show His blood above,
As my sure ransom price,
And fix a place for me to dwell
With Him above the skies.

Soon will He send His messenger
To set my spirit free;
Then will I drop sin's galling load,
And to His bosom flee.

TRUTH AND PEACE.

Therefore love the Truth and Peace.—ZECHARIAH viii. 19.

TRUTH, like some beauteous temple, firmly stands,
With fair proportions shown in high relief;
Built by th' Eternal's all-creating hands,
And, of His mighty works, pronounced the chief.

Jehovah, Jesus, Saviour, Lord and God,
Is the fair temple where the Godhead dwells;
His just proportions shining in His Word,
Meet our exigencies—and nothing else.

It pleased the Father that in Him should dwell
All fullness which we needy sinners want,
And God the Spirit makes His people tell
His everlasting willingness to grant.

The Book of God reveals this glorious ONE ;
It sets His fair proportions in full view :
But who His lovely face can look upon,
Till, by the Spirit, he is made anew !

The carnal heart no beauty sees in Him,
For sin's black veil His fair proportions hide ;
The rapturous visions of His lovely face
Are all reserved to captivate His bride.

Now, as a King upon His throne, He reigns,
And bows His people to His sovereign will,
Holding His enemies in straitened chains,
Forcing their rage His counsels to fulfil.

From Him, the fountain then of Truth and Grace,
Peace, Gospel peace, must ever emanate ;
The revelation of His smiling face
Must true and everlasting *peace* create.

When, Holy Father, shall the Heavenly Dove,
On Zion's hill the olive-branch display,
That, as they journey to their home above,
The brethren cease to wrangle by the way ?

O blessed Spirit, cause thine oil to flow,
Poured without measure on our glorious Head,
That it diffuse on all thy saints below,
And through the Church its heavenly odor spread.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

To the Rev. CHARLES MACKAY, of St. John, for risking his own life
to save that of a drowning Child.

IF the proud monarch of the Grecian State
Earned of posterity the title "Great,"
Because he made humanity to feel
His barbéd arrows and his pointed steel;
And while destruction followed in his rear,
Nor stopped to soothe a sigh, or dry a tear,—
What garland wreath shall gratitude entwine,
Or in what splendid niche the man enshrine
Who, fearless alike of dangers or of pain,
Plunged, willing, into the briny main,
And brought the drowning infant safe to land,
While brawny youths in wild amazement stand?

Let the curs'd miser clench his golden store,
And with insatiate ardor thirst for more,
Mine be the pleasures that Mackay enjoyed,
When he the little drowning babe restored,
And set the mother's anxious cares at rest,
And soothed the sorrows of her throbbing breast.

Now let us learn how we should estimate
Those actions which may justly be called "great,"
And let it be distinctly understood
That we call nothing *great* but what is *good*.

But let me turn my thoughts from man to God:
Lend me an angel's harp to sound abroad

The undying honors of His glorious name,
Who from His Father's blissful bosom came —
Plunged fearlessly into the raging sea
Of wrath Divine, to save a wretch like me.
What shall I do to spread His fame abroad?
How shall I speak the honors of my God?
The theme, too vast, o'erstrains my labouring mind,
And leaves the notes of angels far behind:
But when I'm raised to His bright throne above,
Then all my power will be absorbed in Love.

SYMPATHETIC LINES ON THE CONFLAGRA-
TION IN FREDERICTON, Nov. 11, 1850.

LIST! I hear on time's swift pinions,
Wailing from a sister city;
Who that hears the mournful tidings
Can withhold the tear of pity?

Fire! that all-devouring agent,
At the high behest of God,
Strews the ground with smouldering embers
Where the richest stores once stood.

See the curling flames ascending
Up the lofty spire, with ease;
Barns and houses, filled with plenty,
Mingling in one common blaze.

See the houseless females, clust'ring
Round their little rescued stores ;
Each into her neighbour's bosom
Her sad lamentation pours.

See winter's rigid blasts approaching !
Soon to meet the naked poor ;
Let charity expand thy bosom,
And unlock the hoarded store.

Nor should the public purse be empty
When such calamities are sent ;
Funds should always be in waiting
To give our charities a vent.

All should feel themselves obnoxious
To the chastening hand of God,
Though by mighty grace defended
From the recent lifted rod.

Restless men, forever striving,
O'er their fellow worms to rise,
From such judgments should take warning,
Lest *they* meet them with surprise.

Hear the voice of God's chastisements,
Ye who trample on His grace ;
He can find an arm to reach you,
Though you dare Him to His face.

Oh let all, the voice be hearing,
Of the rod, while lifted up,
And the hand that doth appoint it,
Ere we taste the bitter cup.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A SIMPLE
INCIDENT.

A LEAKY tub, with water filled,
Beside a well was placed,
To which a freakish Filly came,
The cooling draught to taste.

The tub contained a full supply,
Her deepest thirst to allay,
And time sufficient, if improved,
Before it leaked away.

But, thoughtless of the rapid flow
By which the water sped,
She gazed at objects new and strange,
Till every drop was fled.

Not all the efforts she could make
Would bring a fresh supply ;
Her opportunity was passed,
She now with thirst must die !

Then let me, from this silly colt,
A useful lesson learn,
To improve the swiftly passing hour,
In what 's my great concern.

What though the cup of life be full,
And holds a large supply ;
Yet will the moments steal away,
Though I stand trifling by.

Beware then, lest some good proposed,
Which you would fain have done,
Be not postponed, until your hour
Is up, and you are gone.

Then, how important how we act,
Ere our fleet days are flown !
Eternity will stereotype
What we in time have done.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD ?

LATE in life's day I tuned my lyre,
When age had damped the muse's fire.
And slackened every chord ;
The few remaining notes I raise
Shall be employed in Jesus' praise, —
My ever gracious Lord.

I'll sing His victories over hell,
And all His saving wonders tell —
The wonders of His death ;
How all my sins were drowned in blood.
For ever sunk beneath that flood
When He resigned His breath.

But when the appointed morning rose,
How vain the efforts of His foes.
My conquering God to hold :

He rose — He rose — the crucified —
And that His saints were justified
The joyful tidings told.

How nonplussed, then, Satanic power !
How disappointed in that hour
Were all Immanuel's foes !
In plenitude of power Divine —
All human weakness left behind,
The Almighty Conqueror rose.

Now, on a throne divinely bright,
Begirt with uncreated light,
My glorious God I see ;
Showing the value of His blood.
Jehovah owns the purchase good,
And sets the sinner free.

Oh, then, if all the moral worth
By man possessed, since nature's birth,
Concentered all in me ;
I'd count it all but dung and dross,
And glory only in the Cross,
And to my Saviour flee.

Then stoop not, O my muse, to sing —
However great — an earthly thing,
But let me guard my strain,
Since every note my harp shall sound,
Shall in eternity rebound,
And meet me there again.

TO MRS. S. J.

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

AT Friendship's call I tune my lyre—
Though plaintive be my song;
My notes are more designed to cheer.
Than sorrow to prolong.

To widowed hearts, 't is my delight,
Consoling words to say;
To draw their thoughts from gloomy themes,
And charm their grief away.

Give me your hand, then, mourning one,
While I direct your eyes
To that kind Friend and Husband dear,
Whose kindness never dies.

Jesus, the fountain of all good.
The source of purest love;
His grace can sweeten sorrow's cup,
And draw your heart above.

All earthly unions must dissolve,
For mortal is our race;
So, generations pass away
To give each other place.

What though thy earthly stay is gone,
On which you fondly leaned.
Yet many blessings still remain;
Thy cup is not yet drained.

O then, in meek submission bow.
And kiss the chastening rod,
For love designed that George should die,
That you might trust in God.

Come, bring your load of cares to Him.
And lean upon His breast;
His Word of Promise sweetly says—
“I'll give the weary rest.”

And while this effort of the muse
You often shall review,
In friendship you'll remember me.
And I will think of you.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “CHRISTIAN VISITOR.”

Dear Brother,—

I HAVE witnessed the changes that have taken place in this newly-settled Colony for more than half a century, and have observed, with deep regret, the want of that filial affection for parental authority in the youth of the present age, which so conspicuously marked the character of our Puritan forefathers. Your giving publicity to the subjoined, which actually took place not many days ago, under the eye of the writer—forming, as it does, such a striking contrast to the spirit of the day—may, by God's blessing, be useful.

At a recent wedding, after the celebration of the nuptials, the bridegroom put into the hands of his father, the following document :—

TO MY MOST WORTHY AND REVERED PARENTS.—

YOUR manifestations of pleasure in my choice of a partner, and the cordial assent you have given to our union, call for my most sincere thanks ; and I therefore trust that you will receive these unfeigned expressions of gratitude and affection from your unworthy son, with some degree of pleasure, and thus confer an honor, which alone is your prerogative to bestow.

When I consider the infinite obligations I am under to a merciful and all-wise God for his distinguishing mercies to me, not only in giving me birth in a Christian land, but of Christian parents, it is then I have some sense of my own ingratitude. But it is not because I do not know how to appreciate the blessing of such parents as you have been to me, that I have come so far short of discharging my duty to you, by a return of that same kindness which it has ever been mine to receive ; for I can truly say, that every unkind feeling that ever may have been exercised by me toward you, was succeeded by true and unfeigned sorrow, with a fixed resolution to be more guarded for the future. But I have learned that man, of himself, can do but little toward the government of a depraved mind and will ; and thus I am taught the deep depravity of my nature. It is true, that to the Great Creator I am indebted for all the mercies I have received, as “every good and perfect gift” comes from Him ; yet, to my parents I can never be sufficiently thankful.

And now, on leaving the parental roof, where I have been born, nursed, educated, and instructed in the principles of virtue, for a change of society, and to occupy a more important station in life, I must acknowledge your kindness and parental affection to me. And although this is no remuneration, yet I know you will be pleased to hear that your indefatigable labours to bring up your child in the way he should go, have not been altogether unavailing; and that I powerfully feel the influence of the instructions, admonitions, and chastisements of my parents, and trust I ever shall. I am particularly thankful for my early acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. And well do I remember with what anxiety my parents have warned me against associating with evil companions, and being enticed by sinners; and with what wisdom and kindness they restrained me from running into promiscuous company, which exercises a pernicious influence upon the youth among us. And, indeed, those restraints of my younger years were so much tempered with liberty, and the bonds of discipline so gradually loosened, that I have been conscious of but little reluctance, even in my childhood, against the government of my pious parents. And although now of age, and acting for myself, yet I have long been resolved never to marry without the full consent of my parents, which resolution I still entertain, not merely as a matter of duty, but because it is with joy and delight that I would please, honor and obey those who have proved themselves worthy of my highest respect. Even if it were not expressly said, "Honour thy father and mother," methinks every grateful heart, or sensitive mind, would anticipate so reasonable a pre-

cept: but when we find *that* command standing first on the second table of the law, and being of first importance with regard to our duty to one another, and the promise consequent upon obedience, who but the most hardened and most impenitent rebel could but consider it.

And now, although I shall not be favoured with so much of your kind instructions, nor hear your prayers offered so frequently in my behalf, yet those instructions will govern me, having now become established principles which, I trust, can never be erased.

Such, then, my dear parents, are my unfeigned avowals of gratitude and respect; and I trust you will receive them, in return for your kindness on the present occasion, from your unworthy son

J.

A few days after, the Father sent him the following

LINES.

TO OUR DEAR CHILDREN J. AND M. M.

As when the seedsman strews the precious grain,
And God, all-wise, the genial showers restrain;
With deep solicitude we see him stand,
Viewing with doubt the labours of his hand;
But when the fertilizing showers pour down,
And his hard toils are with abundance crowned,
Then, with delight, the golden sheaves he binds,
And all his work remuneration finds.
So, when the parent, taught by grace Divine,
Conveys instruction to the youthful mind
Of his dear child, committed to his care,
Succeeds his efforts with his earnest prayer,
That by the effusions of the Holy Ghost,

His pious labours be not wholly lost.
Watches with deep anxiety to know
If God designs the blessing to bestow,
How great his joy, when all that faith believes,
He at the hand of Sovereign love receives.
That joy was ours when, on your nuptial eve,
We did that test of gratitude receive :
With streaming eyes, and grateful hearts we raise
Our hands to heaven, and give our God the praise.
Not all the gold in California's mines
Could purchase joys so great, so well refined.

Now, gracious Father, hear our humble prayer —
Let our dear children be Thy special care.
From all the snares laid for unwary youth
Defend them, Lord, and lead them in the truth :
May all their lives from error be kept free,
And, in Thy time, be brought to dwell with Thee.

So prays your affectionate Parents,

DAVID AND MARION.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

"And even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."—ISAIAH xlii, 4.

FLUSHED with high hopes, and void of care, in youth
We dance along time's stream with merry songs,
Blind to futurity, nor dream of woe :
But as life's landscape widens to our view,

The thorns and snares impede our weary feet,
And make us sigh for home. As when the youth
To Jesse latest born, on Bethlehem's heights
Gave his sweet harp those melting strains, which soothed
The guilty horrors of a Monarch's mind,
And taught the hills of Judah to repeat
The exalted honors of Jehovah's name
In those sweet Psalms the Church will ever sing.
Did then the humble shepherd ever dream
That he the causeless envy should inspire
Of Israel's mighty Monarch, who would hunt
His precious life, as sportsmen hunt their prey?
Or, when the weighty burden of a crown
Had bent his hoary head, his son should rise,
With deadly hate, to take his life away?
But did not David find our motto true?
Did not his covenant God support him still.
And on that covenant lay his dying head,
Though sins of crimson hue his life had stained?
And may not every pardoned sinner lay
His dying head on that same moveless rock —
The oath and promise of a changeless God?
Surely, my soul, thou need not fear, for thou
Hast long since seen thy utter nothingness,
And on Jehovah's boundless love reposed.
Faith quits its hold of creature holiness,
To grasp the perfect righteousness of Christ.
Thus, all the saints of God, in every age,
O'ercame the world, and triumphed over death.
And on the bosom of Eternal love
Slept sweet in Jesus.

LINES

To the memory of Miss SARAH McFARLAN, who left this world of sin
and sorrow April 26, A. D. 1845.

HARK ! the voice from time's fleet pinions,
Sounding Sarah's funeral knell ;
She has left life's stormy ocean,
In eternal peace to dwell.

See, in mother earth's cold bosom,
Her remains are safe interred,
Mingling with their native ashes,
Till the Archangel's trump is heard.

Then they 'll rise in dazzling splendor,
In her Saviour's image made ;
Like that bright and glorious body
He on Tabor's mount displayed.

Henry's lost a loving sister,
But his loss is Sarah's gain,
For, in leaving her vile body
She's forever free from pain.

Catherine sees the empty corner
Filled by Sarah many years,
Yet, her happy state believing,
Dries at once her flowing tears.

Yes, her friends, while they remember
How she suffered here below,
Though they miss her kindly presence,
Check their sorrows as they flow.

But the saint, mature in knowledge,
Glowing with the Saviour's love,
Tunes his lyre with sacred pleasures,
To announce her flight above.

Though at first her mind was darkened
Through the force of legal fear,
Yet at length her prospects brightened,
And her views became more clear.

Though her joys were not extatic,
Nor could constant peace afford,
Jesus to her soul was precious,
She, by faith, could call Him Lord.

Yes, her faith did apprehend Him,
As the Lord her Righteousness ;
And, renouncing self-dependence,
Thus believing, she had peace.

Now her faith is turned to vision,
And that vision is most clear,
Far removed from fears of danger,
Which annoy our spirits here.

Hail, then, sister ! happy spirit !
I must bid thee now farewell ;
I have sung thy blissful requiem ;
There, forever, ever, dwell.

NO ONE ISOLATED.

INFLUENCE ! tremendous thought ! what mind
Can scan the awful import of that single word.
Or bound its vast extent ? And is it true
That all we do, and say, and write, ends not
When dust returns to dust, but like the stream
On mountain top, rolls with increasing strength
Through all the vale of time into the flood
Of vast eternity to meet us there ?
Great God, the very thought o'erwhelms our souls
And leaves us self-condemned ! Yes, it is true.
That every thought shall into judgment come,
And from the great White Throne receive the smile,
Or angry frown of Him who sits thereon.

Miser, awake ! before thy golden store
Sinks thee to hell, while others reap thy toils ;
And but the cankerous rust remains for thee.
Forever to corrode, and burn thy soul.

Ye votaries of sinful pleasure, wake !
Ere your fond dreams land you in endless woe,
And thousands mourn they ever heard your names.

Ye watchmen on the walls of Zion, wake !
And sound the dread alarm, lest sinners die
Unwarned, and on your skirts their blood be found.
Take up the stumbling-blocks across the path
Of Zion's feeble travellers ; direct
Their weary souls to Jesus, as their hope, ,
And lead strayed sheep back to the fold of God.

Christians of every name, shake off your sloth,
Nor deem your work performed while breath remains.
Let not a selfish thought pervade your souls,
But view yourselves a part of the great whole.
Hold sweet communion on the road to bliss,
And see that by the way ye fall not out.

GOD'S METHOD OF ANSWERING PRAYER.

MOST glorious, great, omniscient God,
How high Thy thoughts above our thoughts ; Thy ways
Above our ways ! How great our ignorance
Of what we need ! How wise art Thou to give !
We ask to be made pure, yet dread the fire.
Like Israel, past the sea that drowned their foes,
They of the milk and honey sweetly sang,
But loathed the manna which sustained their lives :
For Canaan's vine-clad hills they sighed,
But in the desert murmured and rebelled,
Yet that was the right way for them to go :
So we, great God, oft know not what we ask :
We seek to sit with Thee on Thy right hand ;
Yet when we taste the cup our Saviour drank,
And feel the humbling process of Thine hand,
We doubt Thy lovingkindness to our souls,
And dread the very answers of our prayers.
O how we misconstrue Thy chastening rod, —
We read Thy wrath where only love's inscribed.
Affliction's gloomy cloud we view with dread,
Though pregnant still with purity and peace.

Ease and prosperity our flesh desires,
 Though these will only make us fat and kick.
 Then let our heavenly Father ply the rod,
 Since we the humbling process so much need;
 And we His wisdom and His goodness hold
 With faith's firm gripe.

SUPERSTITION AND WAR.

A glance at the dreadful nature of Superstition, with an Incident of
 the present War with Russia, 1855.

WHEN the Eternal Word became incarnate,
 And on the accurséd tree put sin away;
 And while within death's icy arms He lay,
 He chose to fill a borrowed tomb —
 (As living He 'd not where to lay His head,) —
 But when the Angelic envoy from the sky
 Rolled back the stone, and dried the Church's tears
 With the glad tidings that He was alive,
 He moved the solemn query which should sound
 Through superstition's empire, with the voice
 Of sevenfold thunder, or with the stunning blast
 That ushers in the Grand Assize, "WHY SEEK
 THE LIVING IN THE EMPIRE OF THE DEAD?"
 But O my soul, how has the idolatry
 Of fallen nature poured its costly gifts
 On this lone spot where once the Saviour lay!

How did the infatuate sons of Europe,
 In their burning zeal, press on for ages

Toward the sacred spot, and with their bones
Pave all the road to Zion, waste their strength
In vain contention 'gainst the Almighty's arm,
To rescue Joseph's tomb from Islam hands,
Who, had they lived, and heard the Saviour preach,
Had joined the hue and cry, "Away with Him."

Oh 't is enough to make an Angel weep,
And damp celestial bliss, only to think
How many millions hate the sacred truths
Poured from a living Saviour's mouth, yet give
Their dearest *all* only to kiss the ground
Where His dead body lay.

And what has waked War's horrid clarion now,
And dyed the swords of mightiest nations red, —
Has caused the death-wail from the Euxine wave,
And dying groans from Alma's heights to ascend?
The cause the same, and thousands now must bleed
At superstition's shrine, peace flee away,
That free access be had to Joseph's tomb.

With most intense anxiety each eye
Toward the East is turned, and every ear
Eager to catch the lightning's dash, as from
The seat of war the thrilling news transpires.
Lately we read upon the wings of fame,
Of an herculean feat, which, not to sing,
Would be ungrateful, since our brethren's blood
Flows so profusely.

Now, from the hill descending, see the ranks

Of Russian cavalry extend their line
In menacing array, outflanking far
The light brigade of Enniskilliners
And Scottish Greys, who on the bloody field
Of Waterloo immortal glory earned.
But will they dare to face Slavonia's sons
In long and dense array? Can courage rise
So high in human bosoms? Time shall tell.
The well-trained steed bites hard his iron curb,
And paws with burning ardor to advance.
The trumpet sounds; and now the Celtic blood
Springs to life's fountain, and all fear is gone.
As hungry falcons pounce upon their prey,
So, on the foe they rush, with war's loud shout.
Swift as the shaft from heaven's artillery sent
They press the Russian centre, while they,
Counting on numbers, deem the victory sure.
. Oh, 't was an awful moment!—
Sacred to Erin's and old Scotia's fame.
With flashing steel high circling o'er their heads,
The've cut their way through the first rank of the
Astonished foe; and now they've disappeared,
And nought is seen but swords bright gleaming,
Like forkéd lightning's flash, from the rent sky.
And now the Russian rear advance to aid
Their flying front, and like a cloud press round
Our band of heroes. Where are they now?
Will they be seen again till cold in death?
. Hark! hear the victor's shout
Rending the vault of heaven: They *are* seen again,
While the Slavonian hordes in terror flee.

They come, minus in numbers, but high flushed
With conscious prowess, to receive the applause
Their super-human courage justly claims.

Thus far the muse, reluctant, sang of war,
In condescension to a friend. She now
Folds up her wings, to wait a softer theme.

THE RETROSPECT.

A POEM.

Published for the "Gospel Tract Society."

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart."—DEUT. viii. 2.

WAKE, tuneful lyre! in grateful strain record
The loving kindness of thy covenant Lord:
Cast back thine eye upon the path thou 'st trod.
And own the leadings of a gracious God.
Come, Holy Spirit, who alone can bring
To my remembrance every needful thing;
Direct mine eyes to those eternal hills
Of ancient love Thy holy Word reveals—
God's love to sinners scorns time's narrow bounds.
But circles with eternal ages round;
On Scripture page my faith can clearly see,
God willed my bliss *from* all eternity;
And by the same sure record I descry
My heaven secure *to* all eternity.

"Nothing in me," my joyful soul shall sing,
" Could move the mind of heaven's Almighty King.
To manifest such wondrous love to me ;
'T was His own sovereign will, His fixed decree :
Inquire no farther, then, my soul, but raise,
In highest strains thy grateful note of praise."

Now, from the dateless acts of love Divine,
Descend, my soul, to sing the effects in time ;
In nature's wide department, blessings stand
Thick as the stars, and numerous as the sand ;
And sovereignty stands foremost in the view,
To prove Jehovah's testimony true.
How many souls whose birth bears date with thine,
Lived in their sins, nor heard the voice Divine ;
But, summoned by the ghastly monster's call,
Met God in all the ruin of the fall !
Whilst thou from earliest infancy didst prove,
The secret drawings of the Father's love ;
By pious parents taught His name to know —
Told of a heaven of bliss, a world of woe —
The Holy Scriptures placed within thy view,
And virtue painted in her lovely hue.

But not by common mercy's silken cord,
Could my vile heart be drawn to love the Lord :
Soon as my opening mind her power displayed,
'T was but to show the ruin sin had made.
My understanding, dark as Egypt's night,
My will opposed to everything that's right ;
Affections sensual as the herds that graze ;

No heart for gratitude, no tongue for praise ;
But every power and faculty of mind
Averse to good, to every ill inclined ;
And had God left me to my own free will.
I had remained in Satan's bondage still.

But my kind Father, who adopted me
As His own child, from all eternity,
And gave me to His SON, in covenant love
Sent down His Holy Spirit from above,
To manifest what Christ had done for me,
And from my grievous bondage set me free :
But when His gracious motions first were felt,
Causing my heart in penitence to melt,
How soon my legal bias was displayed,
And thus my pride and ignorance betrayed :
Though life's fair tree with flaming sword was fenced,
Yet I strove hard to gather fruit from thence ;
And when from this resource my hope was driven,
Then I built Babel to ascend to heaven ;
With prayers, and tears, and promises, I strove
To quiet conscience and my fears remove :
Thus I for years a fruitless war maintained
Against my sins, and still no victory gained ;
Vainly I strove to stop the poisonous stream,
Not knowing the curs'd fountain whence it came.

And here I'll pause to bless the God of Grace,
And raise my Ebenezer to His praise ;
Had He restrained His gracious influence here,
And left my soul a prey to slavish fear,

I must have owned the justice of His ways ;
Therefore I stand a monument of Grace.
Each soul by God the Father sanctified,
And kept in Jesus Christ as His own bride.
Must hear the Holy Spirit's powerful call.
And sing deliverance from the Adam-fall.
Among the multitude thus saved by Grace,
My feeble harp shall tune its grateful lays.

Now was the law with greater power applied
To show my weakness and destroy my pride.
When the commandment came, then I could see
Sin's curséd nature and deformity ;
My want of strength the precept to fulfil,
And the rebellion of my stubborn will.
Thus, like a criminal condemned I stood,
Fearing the wrath of an incenséd God.
Within my heart death's sentence was proclaimed.
That all my pride of glorying might be stained ;
Down at the feet of Sovereignty I fell.
Feeling that, justly, I deservéd hell.
Thus was I shown what I deserved to be,
That I might prize salvation, wholly free.
While in this lost and helpless state I lay,
The Holy Spirit showed me Christ, the Way.
Gave me to see His righteousness complete,
Brought my proud heart a suppliant at His feet :
By His anointing I was made to see
That all that Jesus did He did for me ;
For me He lived and died, for me He rose,
To save my soul, and to destroy my foes ;

O then my heart with gratitude o'erflowed !
With love to Jesus every passion glowed ;
I loved His name, His people, and His ways,
And in His service wished to spend my days.
In faith's bright vision I could clearly see,
His love to me was from eternity.
'The whole creation seemed to shout His praise,
All perfect wisdom shown in all His ways.
Like Israel on the Red Sea's further side,
With all the Egyptians floating on the tide,
Love tuned my voice to sing delivering grace,
And to adore Jehovah's sovereign ways.

Now did my soul with joy her way pursue,
With the fair Land of Promise full in view ;
But ah ! how little of my heart I knew.
Though the strong power that held my soul was broke,
And I, through grace, delivered from its yoke ;
Yet, by Divine appointment, for my gain,
Curs'd inbred foes were suffered to remain.
Through their vile influence, how soon my heart
Was led from God, my portion, to depart ;
Then I forsook my Rock, my living Head,
To worship that which my own fingers made.
Soon as I tasted Marah's bitter flood,
My heart opposed the government of God :
Vile unbelief His kind designs withstood,
And gave the lie to all the truths of God.
Then, with proud heart, the wilderness I spurned,
And in desires to Egypt back returned ;
Dressed in the spoils I borrowed from the foe,

I dreamed of pleasure in this vale of woe.
But oh ! the kindness of salvation's King !
My tongue His praise through endless years shall sing ;
Though my vile heart did most ungrateful prove,
Yet He pursued His purposes of love ;
Could curs'd ingratitude, hell's blackest brood,
E'er prostrate the fixed purpose of a God,
Then might my soul despair of heavenly rest,
Nor hope to find a seat among the blest ;
But since Jehovah loves, *because He will*,
My faith can trust His precious promise still.

By suffering my vile foes to stir within,
He made my very soul to loath its sin,
Levelled my Pharisaic pride's high tower,
In this His Holy Spirit's day of power.
Then, of my ornaments He stripped me clean ;
At Horeb's mount my nakedness was seen :
I bless His name for those mysterious ways
He took to manifest His wondrous grace :
He stripped me naked at His sovereign feet,
Then faith received His righteousness complete ;
The secret of His love He then made known,
And showed my union to the HOLY ONE.
He opened to my view His covenant broad,
The eternal acts of Zion's Triune God ;
Here I the Father's choosing love beheld,
Here was the Son's redeeming grace revealed,
And here the Holy Spirit's acts descried,
In quickening, leading, comforting the bride ;
Hence, by effectual calling, I could trace

My interest in the plan of Sovereign Grace.
Here will I rest : on this firm rock I stand —
The corner-stone — laid by Jehovah's hand.
Here am I safe, and slavish fears remove,
Yet daily I do Paul's experience prove :
Like him, I groan, through fleshly burden pained ;
Like him, I joy, through Jesus' victory gained :
I find I cannot pray, believe, nor love,
Until I'm moved by influence from above.

Ye timid saints, who wet your couch with tears,
And waste your precious hours in gloomy fears,
Who doubt your Bridegroom's love because you feel
Two powerful armies striving to prevail,
Take courage, for the more you feel this strife
The stronger evidence you give of life :
'T is through the principle of grace within
That you are made to feel the power of sin ;
The more you're made your filthiness to see,
More precious will your Jesus to you be.
Lean not on self, but on your Saviour's breast,
His office 't is to give the weary rest.
To give you knowledge He's your Prophet wise ;
For sin to atone He is your Sacrifice,
No less a King, to quell your enemies.

Ye faithful Heralds of the joyful sound,
Fear not to spread the sacred truth around ;
God has raised up a standard 'gainst the foe,
Let all who love the truth around it flow :
Where living voices cannot reach the ear,

Let GOSPEL TRACTS before the eyes appear ;
Those little messengers of God's free grace
Have often proved to saints a rich repast.
God's chosen are like sheep on mountains spread.
Though all secured in Christ, their living head ;
They must be hunted, and be fished for too,
And all be found, if God's own Word be true ;
Therefore, with confidence the means we ply,
Knowing that Truth Eternal cannot lie.

Thus, reader, in the plainest terms thou 'lt see,
The outlines of Jehovah's love to me ;
If aught to thee encouraging should prove,
Give all the glory to the God of Love.

TO HENRY A. PALMER, SEPT. 1855.

HENRY, I greet thee in the triple tie
Of nature, grace, and consanguinity ;
The same depraved features clearly tell
We 're of the race of him who basely fell—
Fell from the high primordial blissful state
In which his Maker did at first create ;
Involved himself and all his unborn race,
In the black doom of misery and disgrace.
But in the Second Adam's boundless love,
A more divine relationship we prove.
The ties of nature, time will soon dissolve ;
The ties of grace, will endless years revolve.
In Jesus this affinity began,

According to salvation's wondrous plan ;
 And while duration's ceaseless lapse shall flow,
 Our fervid love shall no abatement know.
 To God our love, as to its fountain, tends —
 That glorious Being, where perfection ends.
 Wait on, my friend, the time will surely come.
 When with the blood-bought we shall be brought home ;
 When with immortals we shall join to tell
 How Sovereign Grace hath managed all things well.
 I warn you of the rock on which I split,
 And brought upon my conscience pain and guilt ;
 For which a holy God the rod applied.
 Till all my thirst for worldly honor died.
 This world is but an inn, at which we stay.
 Till a few fleeting moments pass away ;
 Then let us seek divorcement from its charms.
 That death's grim message foster no alarms.

My love to John and his dear partner, give ;
 May they *for* God, and *to* His glory live.
 And tell Amanda, that for her I pray,
 That she faint not by roughness of the way ;
 That rising far above poor nature's strife.
 She may gripe fast the hope of endless life.

So, wishing you what is the greatest gain.
 I still your loving relative remain.

DAVID PALMER.

P. S.—The crops are good around the Grand Lake shore,
 Of average count, and some imagine, more.
 Send a response to my unclassic lore,
 And from Parnassus let the torrent pour.

L I N E S

Occasioned by the death of WILLIAM FLOWER, who was drowned by attempting to cross a stream on the back of an ox.

HARK ! from the voice of passing time,
A note salutes my ear ;
Plain is the language it conveys,
And loud, that all may hear.

Awake, my drowsy soul, awake,
The warning voice regard,
Before the solemn midnight cry
Proclaim thy coming Lord.

For He has told us in His Word.
(That sloth may have no room,)
That at an hour we least expect,
The Son of Man will come.

But if my treacherous heart presume
To tempt with earthly bliss,
William, thy fate shall testify
Its real emptiness.

Lately, I saw your count'nance glow,
At love's alluring charms,
When you embraced, with chaste delight,
Your fair one in your arms.

But ah ! how vain are all our hopes
Of joys below the sun,
For e'er one circling year rolls round.
Thy mortal life is done.

Now pity draws my thoughts aside,
And points me to the house
Where, drowned in sorrow's streaming tide,
Sits William's weeping spouse.

Fain would I duty's call obey,
To mourn with those that mourn.
And comfort's healing balm apply,
To souls with anguish torn.

Sure 't was designed in love to Jane.
That William must remove.
That earthly good might lose its taste,
And Jesus win her love.

Cease then to mourn his early death.
Since charity believes
That mortals never yet have known
The bliss he now receives.

Methinks I hear him, whispering, say—
“ Weep not for me, my Jane;
But mourn for sin, and shun it too,
That we may meet again :

“ Then we shall spend eternity.
In more exalted love.
And join to praise the great Three-One,
With all the saints above.”

THE UNHEEDED WARFARE. Nov. 11. 1855.

FIERCE from the North prowled forth the Russian Bear,
To seek in Turkish climes a softer air :
The Eagle as he soared above the plain,
With gloating eye beheld the Crescent wane :
The British Lion, couchant in his lair,
Viewed all his movements with a jealous glare ;
Then, with the Eagle, sprang with utmost speed
Across his path, his progress to impede :
And while these powers with blood their hands imbrued,
All nations gazed with deep solicitude.
So, when in single combat men engage,
With all their savage passions in full rage,
How soon the crowd 's attracted to the scene,
With few to bear the olive-branch between.

But time's great theatre a strife displays
To which these warfares are but childish plays :
Error and Truth a deadly combat wage,
Without an armistice, from age to age.
But O how few who travel through life's vale,
Will turn aside to ask which shall prevail !
This warfare 's seen on all earth's surface broad,
And *felt* in every heart that 's born of God.
It makes the most courageous greatly fear,
And wrings from stoutest hearts the gushing tear :
Satanic power, the world, and inbred sin,
War with the principle of grace within ;
But, at the last, grace shall victorious be,
And through duration shout the victory.

THE MISERY OF DEPARTING FROM GOD.

"Woe unto them! for they have fled from Me."—HOSEA vii. 13.

- WHEN Adam sinned he fled from God.
 His nakedness to hide ; Gen. iii. 10.
 And thus will every sinner still
 Display his innate pride. Hos. vii. 10.
- The more the Gospel calls on him.
 The more he 'll go astray ; Hos. xi. 2.
 The more he 'll gird his fig-leaves on, Gen. iii. 7.
 And follow his own way. Isa. liii. 6.
- His native strength is all devoured
 By Satan's curséd wile. Hos. vii. 9.
 And every act he can perform.
 Will make him still more vile. Isa. i. 5.
- God, ev'n the sacrifice abhors, Prov. xv. 8.
 That his vile hands can bring ; Isa. xlix. 3.
 All outward acts are but false glare, Mat. xxiii. 5.
 Unless from love they spring. 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.
- Thus, from the womb he goes astray, Ps. lviii. 3.
 And with his earliest breath
 Exhales the seeds of sin and guilt. Act 9:1. Ps. 27:12.
 That bear despair and death. Rom. vi. 23.
- But when by sovereign grace renewed, Rom. ix. 15.
 In Jesus' image made, Col. iii. 10.
 He to the Holy One draws nigh, Heb. x. 22.
 Nor need he be afraid : 1 John iv. 18.

For he is clothed in Christ's own robe,	Rev. iii. 5.
That hides from every sin ;	Eph. v. 27.
The law no further claim can urge,	Rom. x. 4.
Nor wrath take hold on him.	Rom. viii. 1.
Thus man, who through Satanic pride,	
Aspired a God to be,	Gen. iii. 5.
Is, by Jehovah's gracious will,	
Saved in humility.	James iv. 6.
And he who questioned truth Divine,	
By listening to the foe,	Gen. iii. 6.
Must place his trust in God alone,	Isa. xxvi. 4.
If he 'd be saved from woe.	Prov. xxix. 25.
Thus shall the Woman's Seed destroy	
The works by Satan done,	
While Zion sings, with endless joy.	
The victory He hath won.	

PSALM XCVII. 8.

"Zion heard, and was glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoiced,
because of Thy judgments, O Lord."

LET war's loud clarion sound from pole to pole,
And garments rolled in blood bestrew the ground.
Let mountains from their stable base be hurled,
And choke the vales. Let whirlwinds sweep the land,
And rend the stubborn oaks. Let ocean rise,
And sink whole navies in the unfathomed deep.
Let heaven's bright lamps be darkened in mid sky,

And strike the savage hordes with deep dismay.
Let the foul pestilence, with countenance grim,
Stalk through the earth, and lay whole nations low.
Let God employ the thunder of His power,
And walk with awful majesty abroad
Upon the tempest's wing: while sinner's hearts
Tremble with guilty dread His near approach.
Zion may still rejoice; for her firm base
Lies deep in the Eternal Mind: His throne
Is not more sure than is her interest safe.
If wisdom Infinite design, what then
Shall frustrate? If Omnipotence will work.
Who then can hinder? *
Those judgments that sweep o'er a guilty world
May purge the moral atmosphere from sin;
Yet they are but the hidings of that power,
Which will forever circle Zion round.
But who is Zion? The elect of God;
With everlasting love's strong arms embraced
Before the ages; and all registered
With the Eternal pen on the broad page
Of heaven's archives, never to be erased.
Jehovah, in his Triune glory throned,
Is Zion's mighty Parent, to protect.
Immanuel, as her nearest kinsman, stands
Her high Redeemer; adequate to save.
The flaming hosts of the empyreal
Shall be her escort to her Father's house.
She feeds on heavenly manna by the way,
And from the Rock of Ages slakes her thirst,
Till folded in the arms of mighty love.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land,
and verily thou shalt be fed."—Ps. xxxvii. 3.

GOD is the fountain of supreme delight,
The source of every good;
Long ere His fiat said "Be light,"
His throne unchanging stood.

His sovereign will bids empires rise,
To give the nations law;
His hand exalts them to the skies,
And strikes the world with awe.

His eye eternity surveys,
He fills the immense of space;
Nor can archangels search His ways,
Who bow before His face.

Then, with the most fiducial trust,
On Him my cares I'll roll;
He will watch o'er my sleeping dust,
And fill the immortal soul.

I'll rest content within the bounds
His providence has set;
Grateful receive whate'er He gives,
Nor what He takes, regret.

His promise says "I shall be fed,"
(And all His words are true,)
If I with willing heart perform.
What He gives strength to do.

L I N E S

Composed to be sung at a meeting of the Grand Lake Branch Bible Society, being the Jubilee Anniversary of the Parent Institution.

WHEN war convulsed Europa's climes,
And human woes increased,
An angel spread his wings, to bear
The olive-branch of peace ;

And onward sped his rapid flight,
Till Anno fifty-three ;
Then to his lips the clarion pressed.
To blow a Jubilee.

Let every heart with joy respond,
And every tongue agree
The grateful accents to prolong,
And sound the Jubilee.

EPITAPH FOR MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

DEATH, the grim tyrant, triumphs o'er the just ;
And, for a while, detains their sleeping dust :
But when the rising morn illumines the skies,
And the raised Head shall bid His members rise,
Then death, the last of all the Christian's foes,
Shall die, and time's great drama close.

J E S U S .

SWEET Jesus, when I cast my eyes
On revelation's page,
I view with rapture and surprise,
Thy love from age to age.

What's Abraham's faith and Josèph's love.
And Moses' meekness too,
But types, by which the Holy Ghost
Holds Jesus to our view ?

But Jesus' love is not confined
To time's contracted span ;
It glowed with holy ardor, long
Before this world began.

Mortals can never trace its rise,
Nor angels fix its date ;
The highest Seraph veils his eyes,
The glory is so great.

But those whom God the Spirit makes
Their filthiness to see.
Will, with one heart and soul, confess,
His love to them was free.

Though carnal nature can behold
No comeliness in Thee ;
Yet souls renewed by sovereign grace
Can matchless beauties see.

Let Arians wrest the sacred Word,
Their blasphemies to prove ;
Our Jesus is Jehovah still,
A God of boundless love.

How kind the language of His heart,
Which He to Moses spoke —
“ I ’ve seen My people’s grievous toil
Beneath the Egyptian yoke :

For their deliv’rance I ’ve appeared ;
For Israel is my bride :
Egypt I ’ll for her ransom give, [Isa. xliii. 3.
With all her pomp and pride.”

So when the chosen tribes had passed
Old Jordan’s limpid flood ;
And in the midst of all their foes
On Canaan’s border stood ;

Lest they indulge their slavish fears,
And doubt His holy Word,
As Captain of Jehovah’s host
He wields His flaming sword.

Thus, Zion’s sure defence He stands,
From age to age the same ;
All power is in His mighty hands ;
All glory to His name.

Soon, with the clouds of heaven, He ’ll come,
Upon the great White Throne ;
Then, what Eternal Wisdom planned.
Shall plainly be made known.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE DESPONDING.

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen."—PSALM lxxii. 18, 19.

YE mourning children of the Almighty God,
Who cry and sigh at what you feel within
And see without. To whom this world
Seems but the "bedlam of the universe."
And your last hope is ready to expire.
O let a fellow-traveller in the road
Direct your feet to some green spot amidst
The thorny waste, where thou may'st sit and muse
On what befell the pilgrims gone before.
Come, with profound attention, hear the notes—
The brooding notes of Israel's sweetest bard,
When the dark shadows of life's evening closed
Around his hoary head; and on review
Of all the tribulation he had seen.
He, like a partridge, on Judea's hills,
By Saul was hunted: in Adullam's cave
His sleepless vigils kept. But deeper still
Affliction's bitter cup he drains, when age
Had furrowed deep his brow, and silvered o'er
The few remaining locks that graced his head:
Yet even *he* could bless Jehovah's name,
And in the covenant God of Israel trust—
Confess the wondrous things His hands had done.
Yea, bless His glorious name for evermore,
And pray that earth be with His glory filled.

So, when the spirits, crowned on Zion's heights,
With intuition scan Jehovah's ways ;
When the thick veil is raised, and in the light
Of vast eternity they view His works,
Sweetly constrained by overpowering love,
They own His works are marvellously great,
And just are all His ways. And cannot we,
By faith's strong power, on David's God rely,
And tune the harp of Judah in His praise ?
Soon, soon our tiresome pilgrimage shall end ;
Our sword shall for a sceptre be exchanged ;
Our weary heads on Jesus' breast reclined,
And breathe our love forever to His name.

VALEDICTORY LINES

Addressed to a relative from Canada West, who made us a visit in the
81st year of his age, after an absence of nearly forty years.

FRIENDS meet and part, on this side Jordan's flood.
But there 's no parting when we meet in God :
From that pure region where the air is love
The blest inhabitants shall ne'er remove.
There we may meet, with all the ransomed race,
To sing the highest note to sovereign grace.
Brother, thou 'st braved the fretful steamer's roar,
That thou might'st see thy natal friends once more ;
And o'er the space, which did so long divide,
Upon the iron rail securely ride.
But as thy native land its scenes displayed,

'T was but to show the changes time had made ;
Where once, before your axe, the forest fell.
Now, stately domes are reared, where strangers dwell.
And mostly those whose birth with thine bear date.
Have long since passed into another state :
A few remain, to welcome thee once more,
An agéd pilgrim, on New Brunswick's shore.
With pleasure we have heard thee sit and tell,
How God with you hath ordered all things well.
We too can witness to His kindness shown,
While we our vile ingratitude must own.
We stretch the hand to bid the last adieu,
While our warm prayers to heaven ascend for you,
That by the powerful breath of steam propelled,
You may, by God, in safety be upheld.
May you be spared your agéd spouse to greet,
While the long absence makes communion sweet.
We thank thee kindly for the interview ;
And now, with grateful hearts, we bid adieu.

PRESENTED TO I. A. AND E. P.

ON THE FIRST SIGHT OF THEIR FIRST-BORN SON.

WHAT greets my vision this delightful morn ?
Another scion from the withering root
Of nature's dying tree. The new-born babe,
Whose feeble vision meets the solar ray,
First caught a glance at the deep-furrowed brow.
And care-worn countenance of his Grandsire.

Dear, tiny, precious miniature of man,
What strange remembrances dost thou evoke !
I once, like thee, from non-existence sprang ;
First breathed the vital air ; first saw the light ;
Had every thing to learn ; knew not the thorns,
The pricking thorns, that wound the weary feet
Of the lone pilgrim, through the vale of life.
To all those ills thou 'rt heir apparent.
By virtue of thy union to the man
Who broke heaven's high behest, and " dying, died."
But I regret not, since Omniscience willed
Thy being, and hath marked the path thy feet
Shall tread. His grace is all-sufficient, and
His love to generations yet unborn
Extends. O may'st thou early know His name,
And in that love rejoice for evermore.

Parents, rejoice with trembling, for the gift !
Mind what the kind Egyptian Princess said
Of Amram's outcast son : " Take him away
And nurse him up for me ; and I will give
Ample remuneration for thy toil."
Make not an idol of the precious loan,
Lest the offended Donor reassume :
And should *that* be His will, meekly submit.

THE TRINAL WITNESSES ON EARTH.

"There are Three that bear witness on earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood : and these three agree in one."—1 JOHN, v. 8.

THE Eternal Spirit claims the sovereign right
 To show the Saviour to our mental sight ;
 The glories of His person to display.
 And point Him as salvation's only way.
 To His sole teaching we enjoy the grace
 To see our Fâther smile in Jesus' face.
 Water—the emblem of the Holy Word.
 That brings glad tidings of the love of God.
 Next bears it truthful record, to proclaim
 Eternal life is found in Jesus' name :
 And when this testimony faith believes,
 The happy subject joy and peace receives.
 The blood—which issued from the Crucified,
 Shows law and justice fully satisfied ;
 And testifies that peace with God is made
 For all whose sins were on the Surety laid :
 Thus testifying of God's glorious Son,
 These Trinal Witnesses "agree in one."

LINES

To a Christian mother, to bring to her remembrance the free and rich mercy of her Heavenly Father, manifested to her in an hour of severe trial—the death of a daughter, aged twelve years.

I TUNE my harp, of sovereign grace to sing,
 And to its praise my humble tribute bring.
 Not on the rich and proud does God bestow

His saving grace, or his new covenant show ;
But all the secret of His love 's displayed
To only those for whom the ransom 's paid.
But those blest objects of His special love,
Must draw their comforts daily from above.
Sometimes the smallest trifle will annoy.
And all their equanimity destroy ;
But if the arms of sovereign grace uphold.
They, through the hottest furnace, pass like gold.
The weakest female, by Jehovah's power,
O'er death can triumph, in the gloomiest hour.
The tender mother sees her darling die ;
With bleeding heart she hears the parting sigh :
But if Jehovah's mighty grace sustains.
Firm at the post of duty she remains :
Not only bows submissive to the rod,
But in the furnace claims her covenant God.
Thus nature's powers are to the utmost tried.
While sovereign grace does most triumphant ride.
'T is in our weakness God his power displays,
To show the all-sufficiency of Grace.
When with a flood a guilty world was drowned,
One chosen family God's favour found :
Safely they rode the foamy-crested wave.
Because Jehovah gave command to save :
So shall the blood-bought safe in Jesus ride
O'er the rough waves of tribulation's tide :
Yes, they shall prove Him an unchanging Friend.
Till to the mount of glory they ascend.

Now, to the friend who moved the Muse to sing,
Let me a word of consolation bring :

Fear not, my sister, God's unchanging love,
 Pure from Himself, shall draw your soul above ;
 And not one drop of sorrow shall you see
 But what was mingled in eternity.
 He told you of the tribulation here,
 And with His own sweet lips forbade your fear.
 O cast the weight of all your cares on God.
 And seek direction in His holy Word.
 A few more trials may your path attend.
 Then sin and sorrow shall forever end.
 I of His loving-kindness much could tell :
 To Him I now commend you. Fare thee well.

A FABLE.

MUSING, among the insect tribes I strayed,
 Where busy ants themselves a home had made :
 Anxious to learn the habits of the race,
 A microscope above their hole I place.
 As they their excavating labour plied,
 Their house, enclosed by crystal, they espied.
 Dumb with astonishment, half dead through fear,
 With haste they in the council hall appear :
 " Ye hoary senators, your counsel give,
 To say if we may ply our work and live ?
 For something strange hath taken place above ;
 We 're circumscribed in narrow space to move :
 And what seems odd, though obvious to the sight,
 This shining wall does not exclude the light !

We wait to hear what older heads shall tell ;
Or, by your wisdom, break the magic spell.”
“Pshaw,” said an elder, with sarcastic sneer,
“’T is all the fruit of superstitious fear ;
Go, ply your labour, nor such bugbears heed ;
Winter’s approaching, and requires your speed.”
“Nay, but your honor,” straight the menial said,
“For once, above the surface show your head ;
Survey with candor, and reflection cool,
And then, if you’re not frightened, call me fool.”
In fullest confidence that all was right,
He with agility mounts to the light ;
But when his vision meets the crystal spell,
Frightened, he lost his hold, and headlong fell.
Now, in the midst of this untowar’d affray,
A sage old emmet slyly creeps away :
Soon as he gains the surface of the ground,
He looked with deep sagacity around,
He felt the crystal wall and brazen roof,
And ’gainst his utmost efforts found it proof.
Then quick descended to the council hall,
To consultation gave the wonted call.
He said, “The great phenomenon I’ve seen,
And proved it is no superstitious spleen :
From whence it came I have no means to know,
How long its stay, or when away ’t will go ;
But this I’m sure, while it protracts its stay
We need not wish to have it moved away ;
’T will cover from the storm, and guard our door,
Admit the light, and what would we have more ?
Then I advise, let each his time employ.

And most contentedly his lot enjoy.”
 Then said an ant, with Cain’s disease imbued,
 “ Pardon me, sir, if I for once intrude.
 Shall we who ’re born in freedom’s air to dwell,
 Immure ourselves within an oyster shell ?
 No, by the powers of emmets all combined,
 By magic walls I ’ll never be confined.”
 While thus, with queries, each the other posed,
 I moved the glass, and so the drama closed.

MORAL.

Thus, while I gave my fancy ample play,
 I from the scene, instructed, went away :
 I found that even in the Emmets’ school,
 The discontented sceptic is *the fool*.
 What human efforts never can remove,
 To bear with patience will our wisdom prove.
 If a contracted sphere our weal secure,
 That slight annoyance we may well endure.

VALEDICTORY LINES

Addressed to the Rev. ISAIAH WALLACE on his departure for
 Australia.

MANY have left their native lands for gold.—
 Braved all the dangers of the stormy deep,
 And the pestiferous breath of foreign climes,
 For that bright dust which soon may fly away.
 Others have chased that airy phantom—fame,
 Through seas of blood. Others for pleasures sought

Where they can ne'er be found. But there's a call
To riches, honors, and refined delight :
Riches, to which this world is but a toy ;
Honors, undying as the life of God ;
And pleasures, lasting as eternity.

Wallace, I trust that call is thine : Inspired
With a degree of that same love which brought
The Saviour down to this our ruined world
To seek and save the lost : an emanation
From that fire which did His blest humanity
Consume ; as God's great sacrifice for sin —
The Lamb provided in eternity.

Go then, my friend, and the great trumpet blow,
Which gathers in the outcasts of the Lord.
Go seek the sheep of Christ, where they have strayed
In the dark gloomy day of Adam's fall.
Wide as the rainbow of the covenant, let
Thy warm desires extend ; yet, if but one
Of Adam's ruined race shall gem thy crown
In that great day when Jesus counts his pearls,
O, think thy labor well repaid, though on
Van Dieman's hills, or Burmah's sultry vales
Thou find'st an early grave.

O. Holy Dove,
Baptize him with thy power, and aid his tongue
To tell of Jesus' love to dying men
In melting strains. Brother, farewell ! To God
We now commend thee ; may He guide thy feet
To thine appointed labor, give the seed,
And make the golden harvest great ; then shall
The glory to His own great name redound.

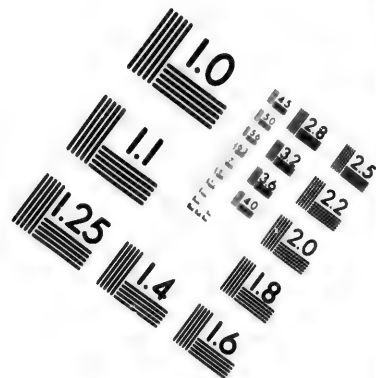
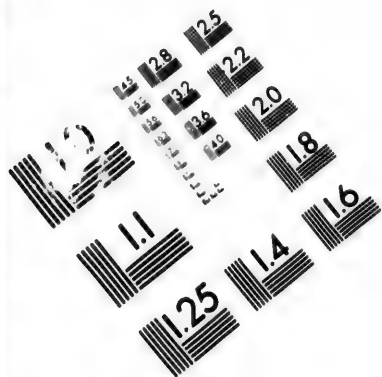
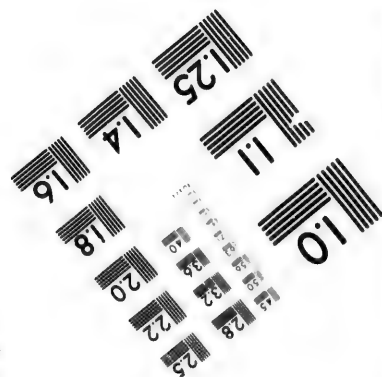
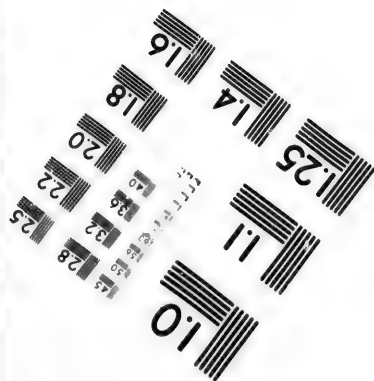
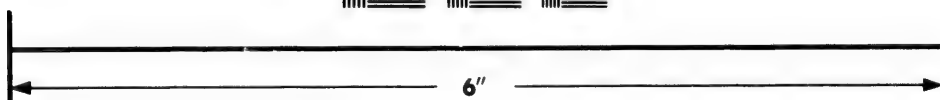
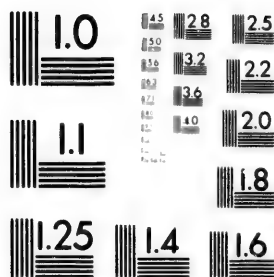


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THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY A WALK IN THE FOREST.

I ROAM through the forest, where wild flowers grow,
Where silvery streamlets meandering flow,
With cascade's murmuring sound ;
On nature's soft carpet I thoughtfully tread,
Of mossy mosaic so beautifully spread
On all the wide surface around.

Here plants in the wildest profusion I see,
From the tiny moss-flower to the wide-spreading tree ;
Some even to Linneus unknown :
Some fair in appearance, while rotten at heart.
Some perfectly healthy, while others in part
Have their greatest defects overgrown.

With lofty ambition some rear their proud head,
As scorning the ground in which their roots spread,
Regardless on whom they intrude ;
But others, more humble, with fruit bending low,
More prone to be useful than making a show ;
While others with healing imbued.

Some, piercing the soil with their first tender germ,
While others, within deep clay rooted firm,
All sizes and ages present :
Some, clothed in rich foliage, sumptuously gay,
While others their leafless, scathed bodies display,
Which the frost or the lightning has rent.

Some, sapless and naked, lay rotting around :
Of others, the outline could only be found,
 Which had flourished some centuries ago :
Some, loosened at root, on its neighbor reclines,
And though sorely he galls him, his aid he still finds
 Whenever the tempest shall blow.

Some, constantly falling before the soft breeze,
Being previously smitten by age or disease,
 And others resuming their place :
Thus, the dead and the dying were soon out of view,
Being always replaced by the plants that were new,
 Displaying their beauty and grace.

Sometimes a tornado sweeps over the land ;
Then, nothing before its fell fury can stand ;
 The kings of the forest must bow :
If rooted too deep in the soil they must break,
For the furious wild tempest no pity can take,
 All, all must be brought to lay low.

As I sat on a log, for a moment's repose,
In deep cogitation, a query arose,
 What makes all this forest to grow ?
Is the power to regenerate placed in the germ ?
Or in the deep fibres embedded so firm,
 When the ground is relieved of the snow ?

No : blot out the sun from the ethereal blue ;
Restrain the soft influence of the rain and the dew,
 And cause that the wind shall not play ;

How soon would the forest look sombre and sere,
The fine spreading evergreens, naked and drear,
In a mass of confusion would lay,

When thus my botanical tour I had made,
I came to an alcove of evergreen shade,
And sat down to muse on the scene :
I thought of the numerous ages gone by,
Since first the bright sun made his tour through the sky,
Where the strongest analogy 's seen.

As the forest an endless variety shows,
So, all that 's in man no mortal yet knows,
So profound is the human mind :
To the wisdom of Gabriel some almost aspire ;
Others wallow like swine in sensuality's mire,
The very disgrace of their kind.

Some make great professions of friendship and love,
While their hearts, false as Judas, on trial will prove,
And give their professions the lie ;
But some in affliction's hot furnace prove true,
Like the flourishing evergreen, beauteous and new,
On whose aid we may ever rely.

With towering ambition some rear their vain head,
While on the same ground with the meanest they tread ;
Regardless of whom they oppress :
But, others with love for their species imbued,
Esteem nothing worthy except it be good :
In acts of beneficence blest.

Some, first looking out on the light of the sun.
While others life's wearisome journey has run.

Awaiting the summons to go :

Some, blooming in health, like a gay evergreen,
While others, through sickness, are haggard and lean.
The personification of woe.

Some, wrapped in their grave-clothes, with mourners
around ;

Some, mouldering for ages, beneath the cold ground —
Forgotten, as though they were not.

Some, unable to stand, are supported by friends.
And though galling them sore, can make no amends.
Sure their's is an unenvied lot.

Some, constantly dying by age and disease,
Like autumn leaves falling before the soft breeze.

While others spring up in their room.

Thus, the dead and the dying are soon out of mind.
For ages on ages produce the same kind ;
All soon finding rest in the tomb.

But when the fell pestilence sweeps through the land,
Omnipotence only its power can withstand ;

The young and the aged must go ;

The man of firm health, deep rooted in earth,
Falls with the weak infant just fresh from the birth.
The king, as the beggar, lies low.

The saints are compared to palm-trees, I know.
And the cedars that on Mount Lebanon grow ;
And thus may I flourish below ;

And when by the scythe of old Time I must fall,
May no one complain that they 're injured at all,
When I to my long home must go.

L I N E S

Addressed to Miss ELIZABETH ESTABROOKS, on the lamented death
of her brother JESSE.

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though
he were dead, yet shall he live."—JOHN xi. 25.

WHY does my friend thus mourning go ?

Why weeps her downcast eye,—

Those unavailing sorrows flow,

And bosom heave the sigh ?

Hath nature's ties the power to hold

The soul a slave to woe ?

Can nothing that the wise have told

Make sorrow cease to flow ?

Then, listen to the voice of God

On revelation's page ;

Those precious lines the balm afford.

Your sorrows to assuage.

Faith looks beyond this inch of time.

And scales the heavenly hill,

And shows thee, in that blissful clime,

Thy Jesse living still.

Could but the bliss he now enjoys

Find words to reach thine ears,

Thy griefs would seem but childish toys.

And thou wouldst dry thy tears.

What though our hopes were highly raised.
And much we wished his stay,
Yet be the God of mercy praised
Who took his soul away.

How many thousand snares and woes
Hath thy dear brother fled?
He's got beyond the reach of foes.
And victory crowns his head.

God wants not means to do His will,
But He'll fulfil his word;
Then, with submission, "be thou still."
And know that He is God.

O let not grief corrode your heart,
Or make your hands hang down;
But gird your loins to act your part.
Till you receive your crown.

"Thy brother shall rise again."—JOHN xi. 23.

ISAIAH LVIII. 12.

HAIL, Zion's sons, baptized into the Name—
The mystic Name—of Triune Deity,
By God the Spirit's holy unction poured;
Rise, build the wastes, the wide extended wastes
Which antichrist's polluted hands have made;
Rear up the ruins of long ages past,
For by the Spirit ye shall be surnamed
Repairers of the breaches in our walls,
Restorers of the paths wherein to dwell;
Then on our gates shall Zion's glorious King
Write his New Name.

PSALM LXVI. 3.

"Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of Thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto Thee."

WHAT! God have enemies? can there be found
In the wide circuit of the universe.
A being so depraved, so lost, so dead
To every holy sentiment, sublime,
As to assume an hostile attitude
'Gainst goodness and love unbounded? alas.
Not only one, but millions exist!
Whatever other globes contain, this world
The strange anomaly presents, of those
Who, under Lucifer's vile banner ranged,
'Gainst goodness infinite, lift up the heel.

Why are they enemies? The Lord is good;
Yea, goodness itself. "His tender mercies
Are o'er all his works." He made them; gave them.
Richly, every blessing to enjoy; and
Still, still they are foes. What makes them so?
Ah, God is holy — man is all defiled:
God is the Truth — but man is all a lie.
Why did the first-born of old Adam's seed
His brother hate, and lift the murderous club?
His own works evil were, his brother's good.
Evil and good can never coalesce.
Jehovah hath declared His foes shall bow.
Sinner! are you prepared to meet his wrath?
Know you His power? Have you considered well
The dread encounter? Where is your defence
When God shall sound the charge? When He who
spake,

And ponderous globes, launched from His mighty hand.
Roll round the solar fire, swift as the shaft
From giant hands, shall at thy guilty heart
His right-aimed thunderbolts discharge?
Look at a deluged world, and Sodom's plain,
And ground your arms, and to His sceptre bow.

Believer! thou has been inimical
To God, by wicked works. When unrenewed,
Against the God who bought thee with His blood.
Thou didst an unavailing war maintain.
And since by mighty grace thy neck was bowed,
How oft hast thou rebelled against the Lord!
The blessings He hath given, to strengthen thee
To do His will, thou 'st lavished on thyself.
And when thy waywardness His rod rebuked,
How soon didst thou repine. O let thy heart
Be reconciled to God. Thy will be His.
Then heavenly peace shall fill thy inmost soul.

ON GRATITUDE.

IN Eden's blissful bower, ere sin was born,
Or snaky wiles deceived our mother Eve,
A lovely flower once grew — the gift of heaven:
Its balmy petals breathed out incense sweet.
Ascending, grateful, to the throne of God.
Angels baptized it with celestial dews,
Which from their downy plumes richly distilled,
And named it *gratitude*. But when the soil

For sin was cursed, and hell's pestiferous breath
Spread through the Paradise of God, it died ;
And in its stead a sickly plant sprang up,
Which aped the original : but when viewed
By optics rectified by grace, 't is seen
Of spurious texture, and in self absorbed.

No gratitude, save false, can now be found.
It has no name in all the book of God,
Because on earth it has no place, except
When God the Holy Spirit breathes His life
In souls renewed by grace ; and even then,
By contact with our flesh, it is defiled.

Then will I cease to search for what is not,
But wait until the curse shall be removed.
And when the fair original shall stand
Beside the tree of life, on heavenly ground,
In real amaranthine beauty clad.

When God-incarnate walked Judea's plains,
He travelled far, through weariness and want,
In acts of pure benevolence. He spent
His ministerial life in doing good,
And on the cross atoned for sinful man.
His life was spotless, and His death the price
Of heavenly bliss. And what was the return
From creatures so obliged ? Not all the tongues
That sprang from Shinar's plain could ever tell.
None vile enough, of all the human tribe,
Wherewith to classify the Son of God.
So, must the servant imitate his Lord.

THE SILVER TRUMPETS.

"They shall blow an alarm for their journeys."—NUMB. x. 6.

WHEN Israel journeyed toward their home,
O'er Paran's burning sand,
In all their motions, or their rest,
They kept the Lord's command.

Whene'er the cloud was taken up,
Whether by night or day,
They strictly kept Jehovah's charge.
And sped their weary way.

'T was not in them to guide their path,
For they were strangers there;
'T was by Jehovah's strength they moved.
And guarded by His care.

Whatever time the cloud abode,
Whether a year or day,
They made no progress on their road.
Along their tiresome way.

What though the hills on either side
In frightful crags appear,
The sea obstructs them in their front.
And enemies in rear.

Israel shall on their journey go,
Though earth and hell oppose;
The sea shall make a way for them.
And drown their envious foes.

What though the desert's barren sands
Produce no wholesome bread,
Israel from heaven shall be supplied ;
God's people shall be fed.

What though refreshing waters fail,
And streams are turned to dust,
The rocks shall pour them rivers out,
To allay their burning thirst.

What though with vile ingratitude,
They murmured and repined,
Yet God his mercies ne'er restrained,
Though He chastised their sin.

That all the numerous host might hear,
When they were called to go,
Two silver trumpets must be made,
With which the priests should blow.

Of one whole piece they shall be made ;
No patch-work must be found ;
No yea and nay, in their sweet tones,
But one sure, certain sound.

When for their journeying to prepare,
'T was an alarm they blew ;
So loud and definite the tone,
The whole assembly knew.

Great God, how wise are all Thy ways !
Thy counsels how profound !
O' let Thy people ever learn,
To know the joyful sound.

When in the holy mount of God
The great alarm is made,
Well may the false in Zion start,
And greatly be afraid :

For all who with God's Israel move,
And have not faith in Him,
Shall in this desert waste their strength,
And perish in their sin.

'T is living faith that draws the line
'Twixt hypocrite and saint ;
The blest possessor of one grain,
Shall never, never faint.

The blowing of the loud alarm
That tells the Church to go,
To sinners is a sad presage
Of everlasting woe.

So, when the alarm, in solemn tones,
Falls on the Christian's ear,
It warns him, in the plainest terms,
That now his foes are near.

Satan, with all his subtle wiles,
Would Zion's progress stay,
Would move the world to mock and scorn,
And every hind'rance lay.

But though the powers of earth and hell,
With deadly hate oppose,
Israel shall gain the holy mount,
In spite of all his foes.

•

WHAT IS LOVE?

SOME gentle Spirit from the land of light,
 Who long beneath the rainbow of the throne
 The pure ethereal atmosphere of bliss
 Hast breathed—*say, What is Love?* For we who dwell
 Upon this lower orb can scarcely know.
 Once did the crystal rill flow deep and pure
 To this terrestrial sphere, ere sin was born.
 Now, following in the sooty trail of
 The old serpent, 't is contaminated.
 But in the fulness of the time decreed,
 The gushing fountain poured a crystal flood,
 That swept sin's filthy footsteps clean. Then love
 In rich abundance flowed on earth again.
 Yes, in the person of Immanuel,
 This glorious attribute of Deity
 Is seen—and only there. Then let us look
 To Jesus. And the more His image is
 Impressed upon the soul, the more it
 Knows of love.
 Angels, who tend the nurslings of the Church,
 May bring some drops upon their downy wings;
 But in our Jesus all the fulness dwells.
 List! I hear the sound of Raphael's harp—
 "Love is the essence of eternal life:
 The pure elixir of celestial bliss:
 And every being that is free from sin,
 In God, the fountain dwells, and God in him."

LINES ON MAT. VII. 16.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

WHEN God went forth, in vast creative power,
To build this universe, He caused each plant
To propagate its kind—each tree its fruit.
And since the angels hymned creation's birth,
Still unrepealed that law remains, throughout
The vegetable kingdom: so that we
Look not for grapes upon the barbed thorn,
Nor figs upon the worthless thistle stalk.
'Tis not the fruit they yield that makes them good
Or ill; but only shows us what they are.

So in the moral world; the genus Man.
Is manifested by the fruit he bears:
If only carnal fruit appears, it proves
Him bad; but if the Spirit's fruits are seen,
It *shows* him good, but does not *make* him so.

If when through an orchard
For fruit we should go,
We don't look for apples
On pear trees to grow.

Then let us not seek
From an heart unrenewed
The fruits of the Spirit
Until it's *made* good.

For actual transgression
Does not *make* us evil,
But *proves* us to be of
Our father, the Devil.

THOUGHTS ON MY BIRTH-DAY. AGED 68.

YE thoughts that, swifter than the electric flame,
O'er space unbounded, unobstructed flies,
Take me in retrogression to the spot
Where first my lungs inhaled the vital air.
Look back upon the musty rolls of time.
For sixty-eight long years of toil and pain,
And see what in that period has been
Registered. The vials of God's wrath was
Poured on Europe, drenching her soil with blood.
And made the pillars of the Papal throne
To tremble; made the "mystic harlot" fear
The thunder of the God of Hosts; caused her
To cower beneath His potent rod, and
Lower her threatening tone. Since then her "bulls"
No longer breathe anathemas and death,
But "peep and mutter," like the wizard's cry.
Yet she is no less active than before,
Seeking by snaky wiles to gain the power
Omnipotence had wrested from her grasp.
That memorable year that gave me birth
First heard the distant sound—the thundering roar
Of those tremendous scenes which Allison
Has chronicled. Hence then the history
Of Europe, since that period, is the
History of my times. Simultaneously,
Scotia's ill-fated son* prepares to search
Old Afric's unknown wilds, which cost his life.
And while my mother hailed her new-born son,
Britain's rejoicings tells her King† restored.

* Mungo Park.

† George III. restored to sanity 1789.

During this period too the heavenly wind
On Zion blew, and caused her to awake.
A noble host of her true sons were raised
To build her walls, and lengthen out her cords,
From Greenland's snows to India's burning plains.
Far in the Islands of the Southern Sea
Was the great trumpet of the Gospel blown.
To gather in the outcasts of the Lord,
Where they had wandered since the Adam-fall.
Within this period too the sons of Ham
Held their great jubilee throughout the length
Of England's mighty empire, with great joy.
I honor those wise men who found a balm
For Afric's bleeding sons, to heal their wounds.
My times will also show when first the breath
Of fiery steam propelled the ponderous ship
'Gainst wind and tide, and drew the heavy train
With rapid speed along the iron road.
But what is still more strange, the lightning's flash
O'er arid plains, or 'neath the briny deep,
Swift as the wingéd messengers of heaven,
From clime to clime our anxious thoughts convey.
But to the Christian, who with strengthened sight,
Through faith's perspective views eternal things,
One scene attracts his eye, as time rolls on,
That puts the highest triumphs of the arts
Forever in the shade. Nor do I blush
To speak its name—THE BIBLE FOR THE WORLD!

And now, my God, what wait I for? my hope
Is fixed on Thee; on Thee who held me up

Through helpless infancy and wayward youth ;
Who guarded me through life, and held me back.
By power Divine, when prone to go astray.
Now, in the land of Beulah rests Thy cloud,
With the celestial city in full view.
I only wait Thy order now to ford
The dark, cold river that divides my soul
From Thine embrace : And when that order comes,
O may I see my Jesus in the midst,
And pass, unhurt, the iron gate of death.

THE FAITH

ONCE DELIVERED TO THE HOLY ONES, REVEALED BY
GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT, AND WRITTEN IN THE HOLY
BOOK BY HOLY MEN.

THERE is one God, eternal, infinite ;
And only one ; all those that bore the name
Beside, in ancient and in modern times,
Are worthless idols,—man's polluted works,—
And shall forever perish from the earth.
Not Gabriel's mighty intellect can scan
The mode in which our great Jehovah lives :
But in the Revelation He has given
To us, in Trinal unity He 's seen ;
And by those glorious covenant epithets
Of Father, Word, and Holy Spirit, known.

It pleased the Great Eternal to go forth,
In power and wisdom, to create the worlds,

And people them with angels and with men.
A portion of the former soon rebelled,
And left their first estate: by them seduced,
The latter were to helpless ruin brought.
But could the acts of finite beings make
Frustrate the purposes Omniscience planned,
And disappoint a God? Preposterous thought!
No, from eternity Jehovah willed
That sin, in all its horrid forms, should be
To manifest His spotless purity
In its destruction, and to show His power
In putting all His enemies to shame.
And setting up Immanuel over all:
And God incarnate, on the curséd tree,
This truth displays in shining characters.

Angels that sinned, without redemption, fell,
Forever to remain inimical
To good: So God had sovereignly ordained:
The rest, elect, established firm in bliss.
Satan hath power the nations to deceive,
And lead the wicked captive at his will.
But holy angels, at Jehovah's word,
Can bind him fast, and to the deep consign.
He, as a roaring lion, roams about,
Deceiving the unjust with hope of gain,
The sensualist with pleasure's harlot lure,
And the ambitious with the breath of fame,
And weaving strong delusions o'er the mind.

Man, by the fall, is so depraved, so lost
To all that's good, so wholly prone to ill,

That nothing but Almighty power can save.
All claim to mercy now is forfeited.
And if not held in straitened rein by God,
He would forestall damnation's awful doom.
His understanding, dark as midnight gloom;
His will, perverse, to evil only bent;
And even his conscience is defiled by sin,
It gropes for truth, but only finds a lie.

'T was from this ruined mass of Adam's race,
For God, the Word, Jehovah, chose a Bride :
Though of a number which no man can count,
Yet they one single mystic body make :
Eternal love 's the bond that makes them *one*.
Though Eve, in pain, must multitudes conceive,
Yet of her mother she 's the only one —
The choice one of her toil, who brought her forth —
The loving bride of fair Immanuel she,
The daughter of Jehovah, by the laws,
The immutable, eternal laws of heaven.
And though in exile here she moves her plaint,
Yet from her Bridegroom she receives her life,
A secret, hidden life, by faith imbibed.
Nothing in her could move Jehovah's mind,
The sovereign and distinctive choice to make,
And leave her fellow-sinners in their sins;
For all were justly under wrath Divine.

But how shall Zion's sins be put away ?
The Lamb provided for a sacrifice
Was one no less illustrious than her Lord.
He, in the fulness of eternal love,

And with the perfect knowledge of her wants,
Stood up to answer all the vast demands
Which law and justice could of her require.
That this might be accomplished, He assumed
Her nature and her guilt. On Him was laid
Her vile iniquity, that she might be
Pure and unsullied in Jehovah's view.
He gave His life a ransom for her life,
And, by His law-fulfilling, purchased heaven.
All this was in Jehovah's purpose fixed
Ere sin was born, or earth's foundations laid.
All her redeeming Kinsman undertook,
He pledged his oath and promise to perform.
This bond, once sealed and filed in heaven's archives,
Settled her claim to all the wealth of heaven.
In proof of this, four thousand years rolled on
Ere justice urged his high demands, or raised
His flaming sword to smite God's darling Son ;
While many saints, rejoicing, passed to bliss.

Thus was provision made for love to flow
In streams of mercy from the Eternal Throne.
To Zion, in her lost and ruined state.
But who shall raise her from the death of sin,
And make her feel her wants, and cry for grace,
And to her bleeding wounds the balm apply ?
That glorious Person, who was typified
By the rich unction poured on Aaron's head,
He stipulated to accomplish this.
Thus the salvation of the elect of God
Was all secured in the Eternal Mind

Ere sin itself was born, or time began ;
Nor can man's doings, either good or ill,
Make the determined number more or less.
This makes salvation to be all of grace.

Soon as our father Adam had transgressed,
Then God proclaimed the Gospel first to man ;
And through a series of expressive signs,
His people saw how sin was put away.
They saw their loving Bridegroom through the shade,
And longed to see Him as we see, but died
In expectation of a brighter day.
That day first dawned when John proclaimed
The advent of the great Redeemer near ;
For in the fulness of the times He came ;
And in His spotless life, the holy law
Was seen in living characters pourtrayed :
Jehovah ne'er was so revealed before.
Now did vindictive justice show the bond.
Sealed with eternal truth. The Saviour bows
Beneath the uplifted sword. Messiah is
Cut off, not for Himself, but for His bride.
Death's gloomy shadow, o'er the Son of God,
Like a dark pall, was drawn—till the third day :
The God of nature clothed the heavens in black.
Angels their harps suspended in mid song ;
And hell proclaimed a hateful jubilee.
But hark ! I hear heaven's spacious concave ring
With shouts of endless joy ! the Saviour lives !
Hell's jubilation ends in gnashing rage.
See Him ascend, with Godlike majesty,
As Zion's great High Priest, with all the names

Of His redeemed upon His bosom borne,
Within the Holy Place He enters now,
While hymning angels and adoring saints
With hallelujahs shall His triumph crown.
At the right hand of Majesty Divine ♦
He sits. All power in earth and heaven to Him
Is given, that He may give eternal life
To all whose names upon His heart 's engraved—
Even all for whom His precious blood was shed.
This to accomplish, God the Holy Ghost,
In plenitude of power and love, came down
To verify the ancient oracles,
Assume the guidance of the Church below,
And usher in the last, the gospel day:
Not to convert the world, as some suppose,
But from the world to call His people out.
For this He sends His servants forth to preach
Faith and repentance in His mighty name—
Natural repentance and a natural faith,
Which all are called to show: but to His own.
Repentance unto life is only given;
And living faith the gift to His elect.
Thus must the holy gospel be dispensed,
Not as an offer, but a gift divine
To all who are predestined unto life.
Thus shall they make disciples, and baptize
Into the name of Triune Deity,
Not with material water, but that Word
Of which material water was a sign.
And when the last elect shall be baptized
Into the Saviour's death, then comes the end.

FRIENDSHIP'S MEMORIAL.

Addressed to Mrs. A. A. on the death of her only Daughter.

Of blasted hopes, in mournful strains,
I bid my numbers flow ;
Of short-lived joys my heart complains.
And depths of human woe.

As bubbles dancing on the stream
Deceitfully appear,
And while we grasp the illusive shades,
They vanish into air :

So do our dearest comforts here —
So mutable and fair —
But court our fond confiding hearts.
To leave them in despair.

Fair, in the morn of life, I saw
Charlotte Maria stand,
A candidate for earthly bliss,
While William gained her hand.

Their love was mutual and sincere ;
And to enhance their joy,
The hand that every blessing gives,
Gave them a smiling boy.

But youth and beauty, health and strength,
And all we love below
Forms but a fair, deceitful screen
To hide death's fatal blow.

Her pallid countenance soon disclosed
The foe within her breast ;
Consumption's slow, but certain work,
Her house of clay distressed.

She lingered on time's shore awhile,
In hope of health restored ;
At length in death's cold arms she sank,
By mandate from the Lord.

But ere her faded body found
Its final resting place,
The fell destroyer laid his hand
Upon her infant's face.

It followed closely at her steps,
And found an early grave,
And to the arms of Jesus soared,
Who came such ones to save.

O then how vain are all our hopes
Of joys beneath the sky ;
Ere we can press them to our hearts,
They wither, fade, and die.

Come then, ye sprightly fair ones, come,
And view Maria's grave,
And hasten to His kind embrace
Who came the lost to save.

Now, to her friends who mourn their loss,
I drop a friendly word :
Bow meekly to the chastening rod
Held by a gracious God.

THE EVENING SHADOWS REMIND THE
TRAVELLER OF HOME.

THE stricken doe will seek her mossy lair ;
The wounded falcon to his nest repair ;
The leaky ship spreads all her canvas wide
To gain the port, ere sinking in the tide :
So I, who feel death's arrow near my heart,
Weaned from the world, and longing to depart,
Would spread my wings and joyful fly away
To gain the port of everlasting day.
Of death's grim countenance I'll not be afraid ;
Millions the great experiment have made,
And millions more must the grim monster face,
Ere time shall to eternity give place ;
Faith has the power to triumph o'er the grave,
Through Him alone who came the lost to save.
On His kind bosom I'll recline my head,
And lay me down in peace among the dead.

AN EPITAPH.

FROM blood ancestral I pollution drew ;
By blood-sacrifice I was made anew.
Grace made me through my pilgrimage to sing,
And though a beggar, claim to be a king :
My claim is just, for here the proof is given,
By an abundant entrance into heaven.
And though my body rot beneath the ground,
Yet shall it hear the archangel's thrilling sound.

A MEMENTO

OF MRS. CATHERINE McPHERSON, the happy Christian.

NEAR old Britannia's western coast,
She first inhaled the vital air ;
And through her lengthened pilgrimage
Experienced God's peculiar care.

" I know," said she, " He chose my soul
Before He earth's foundation laid,
And all the grace for me designed
Was then laid up in Christ my Head."

Oft when my drooping spirits flagged,
And to despondency inclined,
A few sweet words from this dear saint
Would cheer again my sinking mind.

Often, by faith, had she beheld
The land of rest beyond the flood,
While she in Beulah's vale reclined,
Or on the mount of Pisgah stood.

But yonder see the angelic band,
Commissioned from the court above.
Kindly saluting by the hand
This object of Jehovah's love.

Softly they whisper in her ear,
" Come, sister, come with us away ;
The long-expected hour is here,
When you must quit this house of clay."

With joy she hears the heavenly call.
And (nothing now to tempt her stay)
She lets the earthly mantle fall,
Claps her glad wings, and soars away.

See, see, with what seraphic speed
Her spirit climbs the azure road,
Till to her raptured sight appears
The palace of the eternal God.

Now, happy soul, I leave thee there,
Escaped from sin and every pain,
Enjoying all that God can give,
And speed me to the earth again.

But as I mused upon the state
Of happy souls, released from cl *J*,
Methought I heard, from Sacred Writ,
A gentle voice that seemed to say,

“Gird up thy loins, and trim thy lamp,
I soon shall call for *thee* ;
Then thou, from sin and sorrow freed,
Shall spend eternity with ME.”

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

WHERE shall I look for peace of mind ?
Where shall hope a basis find ?
If I cast my eyes within.
All I see is mixed with sin ;

The law condemns, and conscience must approve.
 If I strive to cease from ill,
 I appear the viler still ;
 The law its purity displays,
 And shows how vile are all my ways—
 Shows my heart enmity against Eternal Love.

If the moral world I view,
 All that God has said is true :
 All the race has gone astray,
 Each in his own crooked way ;
 There's none that seeks the path of truth to find.
 Though pleasure's footsteps still is dogged with pain.
 Yet all the airy phantom seek to gain,
 Though empty, in enjoyment, as the wind.
 Could I survey the world around,
 Sin's curséd footsteps would be found,
 Darkening the fairest day :
 Not Eden's bowers,
 With all its flowers,
 Could turn the curse away.

The mountains tremble with convulsive throes.
 And pour their fiery streams ;
 O'er towering spires the lava flows.
 Darting its lurid gleams.
 The mighty ocean on its bosom bears
 The lofty barque with costly wares :
 But if the tempest rise,
 She heaves them to the skies,
 And sinks them in the deep.

MY REQUIEM.

Thus thousands, by her stormy wave,
Are made to find a liquid grave.
And in her bosom sleep.

Anon, the furious whirlwinds rise,
And, with the dust, obscure the skies.
The lofty forest groans beneath the blast,
The works of art in ruin cast,
And desolation spread on all around.
Ev'n earth itself may ope its jaws,
And, subject to no humnn laws,
Bury whole nations in one common grave.
Where then can peace or safety be ?
Or where the guilty flee,
When earth itself pursues ?
O then I plainly see
There is no peace for me,
But in Thy wounds, dear Jesus, and I flee
To hide me there.
Directed by Thy book,
To Thee, to Thee I look.
All power in heaven and earth is Thine ;
And Thou art mine ;
And I 'll forever banish fear.

MY REQUIEM.

COME, soul, and tune thy requiem lay,
And nestle on thy Saviour's breast ;
Now, on the eve of life's long day,
And sink to rest.

Long have the things of time allured,
And led thy wandering thoughts astray.
Now, by life's index well assured,
 'T is close of day :

Come, shut thine eyes on scenes long viewed,
 Monotonous, and palling too,
And with thy visual ray renewed
 See objects new.

Farewell to earth, that crowded inn,
 Where travellers meet and bustle round,
And through the effects of Adam's sin
 A curse is found.

Hark ! from the heights of heaven's fair hills,
 Celestial voices call me home,
To drink full draughts at life's pure rills :
 Behold, I come.

Waft me, O waft me, seraphs fair,
 Up to my Father's bright abode ;
I'm breathing now celestial air —
 The breath of God.

Now lay my spirit gently down,
 Upon my dear Redeemer's breast,
Till I receive my shining crown,
 Among the blest.

L I N E S

Addressed to a Relative on his birth-day. Aged 70 years.

BROTHER, this day thou 'st reached the age
Allotted man below :
Say, art thou wholly disengaged.
And ready now to go ?

Hast thou a good, well-founded hope
Of bliss beyond the skies ?
And can'st thou give earth's pleasures up,
And, joyful, close thine eyes ?

Much of the goodness of the Lord
Has been displayed to thee ;
And the fulfilment of His word
Thou hast been made to see.

'T was little thou at first possessed
When thou the world began,
But God with comforts richly blest
The labours of thine hand.

His earthly blessings He hath poured,
With a most liberal hand ;
Whilst loving children round thy board
Like olive branches stand.

O may they all be reckoned in,
When God makes up his count,
And, saved from sorrow and from sin,
Meet on the Holy Mount.

Be watchful now, the warrant 's signed.
The messenger is near ;
When he arrives, be you resigned.
And die without a fear.

The counsel I for you record,
I to myself apply,
For I, your junior on the road,
May first be called to die.

SIGHING FOR THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

I LONG to meet at Christ's own board
With those whom grace makes free,
Where love, and not cold water, forms
The bond of unity.

Say, Holy Spirit, when, O when
Wilt Thou in love return ;
And by that pure and holy flame
The hay and stubble burn ?

Let walls and fences made by man.
To keep thy saints apart,
Be levelled by that mighty power
Which makes them one in heart.

Let those who are by Thee baptized.
One body ever be ;
Nor let tradition ever break
The bond of unity.

But, absence in the flesh cannot
The saints of God divide,
For they in spirit shall commune
Though earth and hell deride.

In spirit I behold the friends
With whom I met before,
Pressing along the dusty road
To enter Zion's door.

I see the servant of the Lord
Ascend the steps with awe,
And what he tells the listening crowd
From sacred Scripture draw.

I hear the glowing "action" theme;
I hear him "fence" the board;
Hear him describe the welcome guest,
And those who know not God.

Then see them taste the sacred signs
Of Jesus' flesh and blood,
And feel myself among them there,
One — in the love of God.

I witness to the truths there preached,
I say amen to prayer;
And thus, in all the pains and joys
Of Jesus' people, share.

Blest be the Lord for the rich grace
Which makes communion sweet;
But when we see Him face to face,
Our bliss will be complete.

POETICAL LICENSE.

I GIVE the muse the rein,
And let her soar
Through nature's wide domain,
And all her scenes explore :
I let her choose her theme,
Whether to sing
Of Saturn's ring,
Or ocean's depths explore.
Conscious of freedom, how she speeds away
To the bright confines of eternal day !
From heaven's high portals, angels point her way ;
But, dazzled by the ethereal light,
She seeks the throne of ancient night,
And plunges in the gloom.
Floundering, she beats the clammy sea.
Fearful of nature's doom.
Wearied with sailing intermundane space,
With cheerful wing she seeks her native place.
And lights on earth again.
Taking this mole-hill for her chart,
She next surveys the works of art,
To sing what man has done :
The most expensive labours of his hands
Are buried by time's drifting sands :
All trace of them is gone.
Alike is Artemisia's grief, and Cæsar's triumph done,
Though built of agate, or engraved in stone.
No spire is found whereon to alight,
(Although she hovers o'er the site)
Where once proud Babel stood.

Those walks which once forbade all fear,
And gardens hanging in the air,
 All covered by time's flood.
Then turning from Euphrates' vale,
For Tiber's banks she spreads her sail,
 There she attempts to alight :
 But foul idolatry,
 And superstition's blight,
 Frights her away.
She sets her wings to scale the Alpine snows,
 Glancing at Gallia as she goes,
 On Dover's heights she lands.
Though wearied now, yet still she'll try
The far-famed crystal palace to espy,
 And 'neath its dome she stands.
Sate with all the wonders there in view,
She still is bent to seek for something new.
 But see, a heavenly light
 Attracts her wondering sight,
 To Bethlehem's manger far away,
 Where once a little Infant lay.
O there's the sight that beggars all sublime,
Nothing that ever yet took place in time,
 Can with this sight compare :
Say, Gabriel (who the tidings bear),
 May I not wonder here ?
Yes, saith the angel, fold thy wings,
And sing no more of little things,
Since God in human form you see,
Bleeding, and dying on a tree,
In sharpest pain and agony,
 For thee, O man, for thee.

TO MARION.

MARION, thy wedded love,
 Not like a summer shower
 That pours in torrents down,
 Yet lasts but one short hour.

Not like the lightning's flash
 Of momentary gleam,
 That strikes the dazzled eye,
 And dies as soon as seen.

Not like the meteor's blaze,
 Which shines with lurid light
 Along its transient path
 Across the gloom of night.

Not like the lunar rays
 When her full orb is seen,
 Which constantly declines
 Till darkness supervene.

But like the mountain spring
 Whose waters never fail,
 But silently moves on
 Through all the flowery vale.

Or, like the solar orb
 That shines with steady ray,
 Turning the darkest night
 Into unclouded day.

Or, like that brilliant star
That marks the arctic pole,
Which keeps its station still,
While others round it roll.

So constant and so bright
Has been thy love to me,
Which I with gratitude receive.
And pledge my love to thee.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM VERSIFIED.

JEHOVAH's my Shepherd, I never shall want :
From His flowing fountain I shall be supplied :
His love and compassion will prompt Him to grant,
And His truth is engaged that He will provide.

Upon the green pastures He makes me recline,
Where plenty aboundeth that just suits my taste ;
And by the still waters of pleasures Divine
My footsteps He leadeth, from nature's wide waste.

And when through temptation I wander again,
And far from the fold in the wilderness stray,
He from my base wanderings restores me with pain,
And for His dear name's sake I'm kept the right way.

Yea, should He e'en call me to walk through the vale
Of death's gloomy shadow, I still shall not fear ;
When all earthly comforts through weakness shall fail.
Then His blesséd presence my spirit shall cheer.

And when with the riches of grace I am fed,
And my cup with Divine consolation o'erflows,
In the presence of Satan my table is spread,
And thus His distinguishing mercy He shows.

Yes, 't is even then, when my foes think me dead,
And, proud of their conquest, their triumphs display.
'T is then the rich unction He pours on my head,
That makes me run nimbly along the right way.

Then surely the goodness and mercy of God
Shall follow me while I am wandering below ;
In His happy dwelling shall be my abode,
Both now, and when called to His presence to go.

WEALTH A CURSE, IF NOT USED ARIGHT.

In vain shall California's rocks display
Their golden store ; the yellow harvest bend,
And load our granaries with its precious fruits ;
Or ships, deep laden with the costly goods
Of foreign climes, pour out their freights ; in vain
Shall wealth accumulate from any source,
Unless the heart with charity expand,
And grace Divine the miser's hand unclinch :
It will but sink the sordid owner down
Into a deeper hell, and curse his heirs.

In yon low cottage, where that aged dame,
(Whose heart expanded by the Saviour's love)
Employs her withered hands in Jesus' cause,

To send the gospel to the dead in sin,
We view the mighty contrast and admire.

When Adam's numerous offspring, quick and dead,
Before the great white throne shall be convened;
And the great Judge Eternal shall pronounce
His high eulogium on the widow's mites,
And own her feeble efforts done to Him;
O then what torment shall that heart assail
That lived but for itself, that grasped for wealth,
And was not rich toward God. My soul, awake,
And dream no longer: let my heart and head,
And hands, and feet, and tongue, and pen unite
To spend and to be spent for Him who died
For thee, that thou should'st live for Him.

AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST ANXIOUS CARE.

HEARKEN, O ye tried believers,
Who are pressed with anxious care;
Listen to thy Saviour's reasoning,
And dismiss thy every fear.

Ask the careless fowls of heaven,
Sporting on their easy wing,
(Though they neither plan nor labour)
If they want for any thing?

No, without a barn or storehouse,
Which they never could provide,
By their Maker's care and bounty,
All their wants are well supplied.

Shall not He who feeds the ravens,
From His own exhaustless store,
Shall not He His own dear children's
Every want supply, much more?

And why do thy thoughts distress thee
How thy body shall be clad;
Where the garments that are needful
To exclude the cold, be had?

See yon lily's lovely petals:
Who supplied her snowy vest?
Vieing with the regal garments
With which Solomon was dressed.

'T was not by her toil or spinning
That her shining robe was made;
Yet no Eastern monarch's birth-day
Such magnificence displayed.

Shall not then thy Heavenly Father,
Who so clothes the fading flower,
Make the wants of all His chosen
Subjects of His love and power?

Yes, yes, my Father, sure Thou wilt:
O cause our unbelief to flee,
For, to Thee we are far dearer
Than the fowls or flowers can be.

LINES CONGRATULATORY

TO ——— ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

SWEET is memory's reminiscence,
When past friendship she recalls ;
Nothing can the pleasure prostrate,
No, not even brazen walls.

Let earth's great ones ape the pleasure
Which true friendship can inspire ;
Yet, 't is but the mimic shadow,
Unless touched by hallowed fire.

Christians are compared to palm-trees,
Who best thrive when most oppressed ;
So, their graces are most active
When the flesh is most distressed.

You have passed through scenes of sorrow,
But your grief is turned to joy ;
For, among God's free-grace mercies,
He has given a lovely boy.

May he live to know the Saviour,
Trust, and love Him all his days ;
And the parents have what's needful
To instruct in Wisdom's ways.

Many times your hearts may ache,
By his wayward passions shown,
That the sad entail by Adam
May be practically known.

But let God's deep plans of wisdom,
(Who no after thoughts can have)
Be the ground of all your comfort,
For 'twas He his being gave.

NAPHTALI.

OR THE HIND LET LOOSE. GEN. XLIX. 21.

LONG had the heavy yoke of sin
Depressed my guilty head ;
And by transgression's galling chain
I willingly was led.

No power had I to break the spell,
Nor will for a release ;
Each act of my deceitful heart
Did but induce false peace.

But when I heard the powerful voice
Of Him who came to save ;
Then like a hind let loose, I sprang,
And goodly words I gave.

The goodly words of praise and love,
To Him who set me free ;
For gratitude propelled my soul,
For His great love to me.

Now satisfied with grace divine.
And with free mercy blest ;
I shall the promised land enjoy,
Yes, even the south and west.

DEUT. XXXIII. 23.

A HYMN.

HARK, my soul, it is thy Saviour ;
Listen to his every word,
For in all thy tribulation
He alone can help afford.

“ Let not then your heart be troubled,
But confide alone in Me ;
For, from all your sins and sorrows,
I alone can set you free.

“ But, while you sojourn in Mesech,
You the pricking thorn must feel ;
And, though now it seems most grievous,
Yet most righteous fruit shall yield.

“ Earth’s false friendship may allure thee,
And her blandishments beguile ;
Then let My example teach thee, —
I o’ercame her every smile.

“ Satan, with malicious pleasure,
May thy sliding footsteps see ;
But he shall not overcome thee
While I intercede for thee.

“ And, when through death’s gloomy valley
Thou must tread thy lonely way,
Then, My rod and staff shall guide thee
To the land of endless day.”

LINES

ON THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
TELEGRAPH CABLE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

'T is done. 't is done, the mighty thought
Which God to science gave,
Has laid the lightning's wiry path
Beneath the Atlantic's wave.

See, from Hibernia's towering heights
To icy Newfoundland,
Through near two thousand miles of space
Is stretched the iron band;

The iron band, to bind more close
The Anglo-Saxon race,
And make Old England and her sons
To meet in kind embrace.

Glory to God, in highest strains,
Who rules the stormy deep;
That bid the raging waves be still,
And laid the winds to sleep.

No longer now on winds and waves
For tidings we depend,
For every day on lightning's wing
Our breathing thoughts we send

Time, with peculiar emphasis,
On history's page must note
When first the lightning, with its pen,
Across the Atlantic wrote.

No finite mind can comprehend,
Or mortals ever know,
What deep designs of skill Divine
Shall through this pathway flow.

O may no accident befall,
Transmission to prevent,
But always a response be made
To every message sent.

TO MARION,

ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

FORTY years have rolled away
Since our joyous nuptial day;
Hoary locks adorn the brow,
Evening shadows lengthen now.
Soon life's journey will be done,
Time, with us, is nearly run.
Looking back upon the past,
See what cause to mourn the waste :
Many precious hours were lost ;
Many deep regrets it cost :
Often for ingratitude
God chastised us for our good.
Thus, through sorrow and through sin,
His unchanging love has been
Working all things, as they stood,
For our everlasting good.

Death did many millions slay,
Since we sang our bridal day ;

But his dart has passed us by,
Surely we cannot tell why.
A little more of life's short thread,
And then we're numbered with the dead.
Earth can well our labour spare,
And let us to our home repair.

God of our fathers, hear our cry !
'O be Thou near when we must die :
Fain would we witness to Thy grace,
Then, go see Thee, face to face.
We our Ebenezer raise
To the God of Israel's praise,
For the comforts He has given,
With the assured hope of heaven.
For such grace we nought can give,
We can only but receive,
And to all eternity
Sing of a salvation free.

Blessings to our children give.
Cause them in Thy love to live ;
And, when freed from care and pain,
May they in Thy kingdom reign. AMEN.

MY SISTER'S EPITAPH.

STRANGER, tread softly, drop a friendly tear ;
Affliction's daughter rests in silence here.
Her tears bedewed her path through life's long day,
But now they are forever wiped away.

MONUMENTAL LINES.

Sacred to the memory of the Venerable ARCHIBALD McALLUM, who ended his earthly labours October 26th, 1858, at the advanced age of more than ninety years.

WHEN earth's great ones make their exit —
Though they rose through seas of blood —
Yet, to eulogize their memory
Costly monuments have stood.

Shall not to the faithful servant
Of the Eternal King of heaven,
Who long laboured for his species.
A tribute of respect be given?

Yes, a pen shall not be wanting
A fair monument to raise;
But in all that shall be written,
Sovereign grace shall have the praise.

Scotia, rich with blood of martyrs,
Was the favoured spot of earth,
Where he found life's painful entrance,
Where he felt the second birth.

O'er her heathery hills he travelled,
On her flowery glens he stood,
Fired with missionary ardor,
To declare the truth of God.

Here the glorious Head of Zion
Gave his sanction to the word;
Many heard the joyful tidings,
And were turned from sin to God.

But the deadly rage of Satan
Moved the wicked to oppose ;
Yet the Lord restrained their madness.
And removed his envious foes.

Those who sought to stop his progress,
And his work of love defeat,
By the hand of death were summoned
To Jehovah's judgment seat.

Thus, by God he was protected.
Till—his work in Scotland done—
He, across the Atlantic, hears
The breathings of New Brunswick's sons

Cheerful, he leaves his native land,
And home's attractive scenes foregoes ;
And long in that far distant land,
He there the gospel trumpet blows.

This was blest to awaken sinners
Travelling on the downward road,
And to build up true believers
In the saving truths of God.

The great theme of all his preaching
Was the glorious Corner-stone,
By Jehovah laid in Zion,
For the church to rest upon.

'T was Christ alone whom he exalted,
As the sinner's only trust,
And all creature-worthiness
He levelled in the very dust.

Few, who lift the gospel standard,
Were more honoured in their day ;
Few, in labours more abundant,
Or who laboured for less pay.

But, when all his work was ended,
He departed without pain,
And was gathered to the garner
Like a shock of full-ripe grain.

Surely there's no room for mourning,
Since he's got above all fear ;
Now, he swims in boundless pleasure,
Which he only tasted here.

L I N E S

Addressed to MRS. ELIZABETH H. ESTABROOKS, on receiving from her a
Book-mark, bearing the motto "Forget me not."

FORGET thee, dearest daughter ? never ; no,
Until life's purple current cease to flow ;
No, not while memory shall retain its power
Shall we forget the deeply anxious hour
When first your feeble voice fell on our ears,
And filled our swimming eyes with grateful tears.
Forget thee, dearest daughter ? never ; no,
Until life's purple current cease to flow :
No, no, nor then ; with memory's strengthened powers
We'll recognize thee in the heavenly bowers ;
Absorbed in love, join in Jehovah's praise,
For His unbounded, rich, and sovereign grace.

THE INVOCATION.

AND now, my Father, what can I say more?
Without Thee I am nothing. By Thy strength
I can do all things : in that strength I stand,
And will forever make my boast in Thee.
To life's last evening Thou hast brought me safe :
Through pains and sorrows, cares, and every ill,
All has been right. Each stroke of Thy kind rod
Was greatly needed, when I went astray :
And with my manners in this wilderness
With patience, most amazing, Thou hast borne.
Like Israel of old, I still rebelled,
And Thou didst still forgive ; and led me on
Toward the rest reserved for all Thy saints.
Lord, my ingratitude may well evoke
The deepest feelings of humility,
And make me veil my face with crimson shame.
What but a purpose of unchanging love
Could draw Thy patience out for three-score years
Toward a creature so deserving wrath ?
Grant now, that as my outward man decays,
My inward man may daily be renewed.
And when the angels beckon me away,
I may, with ecstasy, the summons greet.
Thee, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, I take
To be my covenant God for evermore.
Upon Thy everlasting love I rest
My peace and joy for an eternity,
And only on Christ's work I ground my hope.
And now, my Father, may these pages stand,
To speak for Thee, when I am cold in death :

And in them may my children hear the voice
Of one who dearly loved them—and be wise.
I seek Thy blessing on my humble notes ;
For 't is Thy blessing that makes truly rich.
And to Thy Name all glory I ascribe. AMEN.

THOUGHTS

ON THE DEATH OF MY ONLY DAUGHTER.

AWAY with mourning crape and heaving sighs,
Joys's more consistent when a Christian dies.
If Eve's fair daughters nature's pangs ne'er shun,
But hail with joy the birth-day of a son ;
Let joyful hearts and smiling faces show,
The saints' safe exit from this world of woe :
For better is the day that gives them rest,
Than that which introduced them to the breast.
What is there on the earth to tempt their stay,
Or make them linger in their upward way ?
Sin's bitter fruits appear on every hand ;
Its thorns and thistles cover every land.
The doves of Jesus find no resting place,
Till they are brought to see Him face to face ;
They to the ark of safety find their way,
Till earth shall hail a long and cloudless day.
Thus did I muse upon the happy death
Of my sole daughter, dear Elizabeth.
In her the lamp of truth so bright did burn,
All eulogy was needless at her urn.

Her dear Redeemer's sweet commands she loved,
 And in obedience' flow'ry path she moved.
 Her obit in heaven's records is announced,
 And God Himself her eulogy pronounced—
 " Well done, good and faithful servant."

THOUGHTS

Suggested by the death of Mr. JACOB McDONALD, who was drowned
 in Salmon River, Chipman Parish,

GLORIOUS Jehovah! universal King!
 Thy sovereign wisdom I would humbly sing:
 Thy thoughts and ways—an infinite profound,
 Where flaming seraphs' highest flights are drowned.
 Then how shall we, who dwell in tents of clay,
 Attempt to comprehend Thy wondrous way?
 'Tis Thine to kill, and Thine to make alive,
 And of Thy doings no account to give.
 Oft when our hopes are being raised most high,
 The lovéd object then is called to die:
 Of such, the youth whom I attempt to sing,
 And to his mourning friends remembrance bring:
 To manhood's proudest summit he attained,
 And, by God's grace, His saving knowledge gained;
 And called, we trust, by Zion's glorious King
 The joyful sound of gospel news to bring.
 Thus, as a labourer in the field of God,
 In patient, waiting attitude he stood;
 Jehovah spake—and O what hand could save—
 The noble youth must find a watery grave.

Thus, will Jehovah make His people see,
His cause can rise without their ministry.
He works by means, when such His pleasure is,
And without means, to show the power is His.
Then let us bow submissive to His will,
And when He takes, adore His goodness still.
Thus have I gently touched affection's chord,
Not to afflict, but glorify the Lord.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF MR. JOHN ESTABROOKS, WHO DIED FEBRUARY 1ST,
1863, AGED NINETY-THREE YEARS.

I SING the requiem of the aged saint,
Who long the boisterous storms of life withstood ;
Then, like a sheaf in season, gathered home,
A witness to the faithfulness of God.

Like all the sons of Adam's wayward race,
In early youth he wandered far away,
Ignorant of God and of His saving grace,
As a lost sheep, still bent to go astray.

But He who numbered him among the sons
Whom He had purchased with His precious blood,
Stopped short his course in sin's pernicious way,
And made him hear the sovereign voice of God.

Then in sweet fellowship he now unites
With those dear saints who fear and love the Lord ;
To walk with them is now his chief delight,
While guided only by the Sacred Word.

Oft in the house of God his voice was heard,
In useful exhortation or in prayer;
And sons of sorrow on affliction's couch
Were often made its soothing sounds to hear.

Far o'er the common line his life was drawn,
For he had more than ninety summers seen;
But still he flourished in the house of God
Like some fair tree of beauteous evergreen.

But age at length had nature overpowered,
And to the common leveller he bowed.
Then on seraphic pinions soared away
To the embraces of his covenant God.

O let no mourning be expressed for him,
But such as nature feels for broken ties,
For he has left a world of sorrow here,
And gone to join the triumph of the skies.

Farewell, dear friend, thy memory I hold dear;
Saints fellowship with thee was often sweet;
We soon shall meet upon heaven's blissful shore,
And in the language of immortals greet.

MY BIRTH-DAY. AGED SEVENTY.

HARK, my soul, the knell is tolling
Of thy three-score years and ten;
Ages after ages rolling,
In duration find their end.

At that memorable era,
When the strength of France combined
To throw off the regal sceptre,
By infatuation blind :

Then, a weak and helpless infant,
I first breathed the vital air ;
And through all life's lengthened journey
I have been Jehovah's care.

But, while by His arm protected
From the dangers of the way,
In the blood of the Redeemer
He has washed my sins away.

Now, while nature fails through weakness,
And the spirit sighs for home,
I will wait the time appointed,
Till my mortal change shall come.

While on Jordan's bank I'm sitting,
Waiting for the angel band,
I will sing my joyful transport
To the far, and better land.

1 Tim. i. 17.

THOUGHTS

Suggested by the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to New Brunswick.

CAMBRIA's young Prince—Victoria's royal Son,
Paid us a hasty visit, and is gone.
No cost was spared his welcome to display,
And thousands cheered him where he made his way.

'T was right we should our loyalty display,
And greet, with mirth sincere, the happy day.
But when the Prince of heaven *His* visit made,
Through poverty's deep vale He chose to wade :
He had not where to lay His weary head.
When He the hungry multitudes had fed ;
Yea, while He spent His life in doing good,
Israel's sanhedrim thirsted for His blood.
All this was done that He might plainly show
God pours contempt on honours men bestow.
But there 's a day, fixed in the Eternal Mind,
And fast approaching on the wings of time,
When this same Prince shall rend the Milky-way —
In glory robed — another visit pay.
O let each one the solemn query move,
Do I, in heart, His second advent love ?
Am I prepared to lift my head with joy,
And greet Him as New Brunswick did the Boy ?
Or, shall I on the rocks and mountains call
To hide me from His presence in their fall ?
Thus if our Prince shall bring heaven's Prince to view,
“ *Ich Dien* ”* then shall prove a motto true.

THOUGHTS

Suggested by the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the Holy Land, 1862.

O JUDAH, let thy harp be strung ;
No longer on the willows hung,
For, see the Day-star rise ;

* The motto of the Prince of Wales. In English, “ I serve.”

The Great Deliverer 's on His way
To usher in a brighter day,
And wipe thy weeping eyes.

Long hast thou groaned beneath the stroke
Thy guilty parents did invoke
When they Messiah slew :
For more than eighteen hundred years
Thou 'st filled the world with groans and tears,
To prove His threatening true.

No thirsty pilgrims on the road,
Eager to worship Israel's God,
Now throng to Zion's hill ;
But the false prophet's thievish clan,
Inimical to God and man,
Trace all thy highways still.

But now the muse awakes thy song,
For though thy exile has been long,
'T will have a glorious end.
He whom your fathers crucified,
And mocked Him when in love He died.
Is still thy gracious Friend.

Isaiah's seraphic lyre had sung,
And Micah, with prophetic tongue,
Foretold thy blest return :
Ezekiel too, in vision, saw
When you new breath of life should draw,
And wrath no longer burn.

The veil shall now be taken off
Which made you at Messiah scoff,
 And hate his Saviour's name ;
When God the Spirit makes thee see
What agony He bore for thee,
 Thy heart with love shall flame.

L I N E S

BY ELIZABETH ESTABROOKS PALMER.

Written by the request, and respectfully inscribed to my venerated
Father-in-Law, DAVID PALMER, November, 1864.

I, FOR a subject asked one day
A friend, whose locks with age are grey ;
He gave me one without delay,
 'T was " looking unto Jesus."

I've often sung of birds and flowers —
Of verdant meads and crimson bowers ;
The nobler theme invites my powers,
 Of " looking unto Jesus."

When keen despair, and guilt, oppressed,
And gave our sin-sick souls no rest ;
We were with peace and pardon blessed
 By " looking unto Jesus."

When sore distressed by boding fear,
His smile the sinking heart can cheer,
And blackest clouds will disappear
 By " looking unto Jesus."

For Christ, our Mediator, bled,
That all His people might be led
To bliss, and saved from justice dread,
By "looking unto Jesus."

And, precious Saviour! ne'er may we
Forget our early vows to Thee,
But ever through life's journey be
Found "looking unto Jesus."

And thou, dear aged friend! dost know,
How vain are all the joys below,
Which seem indeed a fleeting show
While "looking unto Jesus."

In the first flush of manhood's hour
Jehovah called thee by His power:
Of strength, to thee He's proved a tower,
While "looking unto Jesus."

Thou for the truth hast valiant been,
And battled with the "Man of Sin,"
And did the conquest ever win
By "looking unto Jesus."

Thy gifted pen has oft essayed
To soothe the mourners grief had made —
Prescribed "the balm of Gilead"
By pointing unto Jesus.

Full many a garland didst thou twine
To wreath 'round pure affection's shrine,
Though richly bless'd, — 't was ever thine
To give *all* praise to Jesus.

When thou in tuneful numbers sing
Of Him who once on Calvary hung,
The notes across the Atlantic rung
Of "looking unto Jesus."

Thine offspring, with peculiar care
Thou didst instruct with patience rare—
With deep solicitude and prayer,
And "looking unto Jesus."

May'st thou and thy loved partner see
God's grace in thy posterity—
Thy children's children ever be
Found "looking unto Jesus."

And though thy strength is failing fast,
By sovereign grace thou 'lt "bide the blast,"
And victory sing o'er death at last,
By "looking unto Jesus."

LINES ON MUSIC.

ADDRESSED TO MISS ANNIE ESTABROOKS.

MYSTERIOUS power—soft soother of our grief,
In whose sweet notes our sorrows find relief:
From what salubrious fountain dost thou flow,
To make us for awhile forget our woe?
Strange, that the tubes through which our lungs
transpire,
Should send the tones to drown the sounding lyre;
Should cause the infant that inclines to weep,
Forget its cares in a soft, dreamy sleep.

By natural instinct we thy powers employ,
When health and comfort fill our hearts with joy ;
When with the Holy Spirit's influence blest
We then thy joy-inspiring power can test ;
But chiefly in the house of God we prove
Thy mystic power our joyful hearts to move :
When in harmonious strains the saints unite,
And faith's bright view is almost changed to sight ;
For then we antedate the joys above,
And breathe the atmosphere of heavenly love.
But O what ecstacies of joy divine,
When all the saints in one full chorus join,
To praise the holy, undivided Three,
In one sweet strain to all eternity.
Thus, Annie dear, I've tasked my aged powers,
To aid your thoughts in your secluded hours :
Then, when you taste the joys of music free,
In your most cheerful moments think of me.
For ere you've breasted half the cares of life,
I'll be regaling at the fount of life :
For though on earth I had no gift to sing,
In heavenly tunes I shall no discord bring.

TO ANNA STERLING JACK.

For Anna's sake I tune my harp,
And move affection's chord,
That she from earliest infancy
May learn to fear the Lord.

But ere you're taught to read these lines,
Or shall their meaning prove,
The trembling hand that traced them first
Shall long have ceased to move.

But should we never meet in time,
Or know each other here,
O may we meet in bliss supreme,
Within a higher sphere.

You bear the name of one who oft
The Jewish temple sought,
Where God His holy name had placed;
She there her offerings brought.

And when the blessed Virgin brought
The infant Saviour in,
Where He, according to the law,
First shed His blood for sin.

To those who for redemption looked,
In great Messiah's name,
She pointed to the incarnate God,
And said, "Behold the Lamb."

O that our little Anna may
The invitation hear,
And on His glorious name depend
Who brought salvation near.

And in the temple of His grace
May she her Saviour see,
Where from the holy law's demands
He sets our spirits free.

Then, like her namesake, call on all
Who would redemption find,
To love this blessed Saviour too
With all their heart and mind.

And may her honored parents live
To see her grow in grace,
Just as a beauteous setting sun
Shines with increasing rays.

LINES

Addressed to MARION MACKNAUGHT, daughter of Rev. Lewis Jack,
of Springfield.

LITTLE maiden, list to me,
While you're joyous, young and free:
Though you now are void of care—
Free and sportive as the air;
Yet, if life is spared to you,
You must meet afflictions too:
You the sad entail must know
Which from Adam's sin did flow.
Though you are a little child,
You possess a heart defiled:
While your spirit dwells below,
Sin, through every vein, will flow.
But the Lamb of God was slain,
To *delete* sins foulest stain;
He upon the curséd tree,
Gave Himself an offering free.
When the Holy Ghost applies
This most precious sacrifice,

Then your joy and peace will flow,
Sweet'ning all your toil below.
Little maiden, young and free,
Listen to a word from me :
Would you wish to 'scape from woe ?
Walk as Jesus walked below.

THE VOICE FROM ROME.

HARK, from Italia's vine-clad hills —
The land of joy and mirth —
Jehovah's trumpet now is heard
Calling His armies forth.

Long, long His patience hath endured
With sins of deepest dye ;
But now, their overflowing cups
To heaven hath raised their cry.

The blood of Martyrs, slain by Rome,
To God for vengeance cries ;
Those nations that upheld her power,
Shall take her by surprise.

She hath deceived them by her wiles,
And stained them deep with blood ;
Now she, in turn, shall be deceived,
And swept as with a flood.

Her lofty spires, so long the sign
Of vile idolatry,
Shall mock the God of heaven no more,
With curs'd hypocrisy.

No longer "Te Deum" from the keys
Of her loud organs roll ;
Or bells, with iron tongues, again
The hour of murder toll.

O hear the warning voice, and flee,
Ye people of the Lord,
For now is come the awful hour
Predicted in His word.

Ye morning stars, again rejoice,
And strike your loudest chord ;
Ye martyr'd saints, unite your voice
To praise your righteous Lord.

Let heaven rejoice, and earth be glad,
And Alleluias sing :
With holy mirth, and sacred joy,
Let all creation ring.

For now the marriage of the Lamb
Is come, with full display ;
His bride by grace is now prepared
To meet that joyful day.

How blest are they who shall be called
To this great wedding feast,
And, furnished with the oil of grace,
Be made a welcome guest.

LINES

Suggested by hearing the Rev. Mr. STERLING address the Guests at a Communion Table, from the words, "As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons," &c.

How oft do thorns and lilies grow
In close vicinity!
So fares it with the Church below,
Through Satan's enmity.

Since Eve transgressed the first command,
The thorns have grown apace;
They round the Spouse of Jesus stand,
To mar her lovely face.

But deep in Infinite designs,
'Tis ordered to be so,
That to the highest finite minds
God may the contrast show.

As lilies neither toil nor spin,
To form their snowy vest;
So Jesus' spouse is not self-clad,
But by her Bridegroom drest.

By His own comeliness arrayed,
Which He upon her placed;
It is Jehovah's righteousness
With which the Spouse is graced:

Therefore, with infinite delight,
He views her wholly fair;
And so, to her enraptured sight,
He stands without compare.

As rustling winds that wound the flowers,
But make their fragrance flow ;
So, tribulation to the saints,
Do but their graces show.

Weary traveller through the glade,
Hast thou seen the Apple-tree ?
Hast thou sat beneath its shade,
And its fruit been sweet to thee ?

Such is Jesus to his fair one,
In this most unfriendly state,
When the sun of persecution
Makes her sorrows long and great.

But if once He spread His shadow
O'er her weak, defenceless head,
Then her spirits are reviving,
And with heavenly fruit she's fed.

O let the time fly swiftly on,
And bring the welcome day,
When we shall sing the song of songs
In heaven's high orchestra.

THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

Who is the great Jehovah, God,
That in the eternal covenant stood,
To save His people by His blood ?
O 't is Jesus.

Who did their vile rebellion see,
And loved them in their enmity,
And willed that they should holy be?
O 't was Jesus.

Who knew what Law and Justice claim,
Who knew how deeply sin would stain,
And what would hinder grace to reign?
O 't was Jesus.

Who prayed in dark Gethsemane,
And stretched his arms upon the tree,
And cried "Eli! sabachthani?"
O 't was Jesus.

Who from His own Almighty hand,
Did give the law its full demand,
That sinners *just* before Him stand?
O 't was Jesus.

Who from the gloomy grave arose,
And disappointed all His foes,
And justified all whom He chose?
O 't was Jesus.

Who, through the blue ethereal sky,
With sacred pomp ascended high,
While angels hallelujah cry?
O 't was Jesus.

Who sends His servants forth to teach,
And all His great salvation preach,
And gives it power the heart to reach?
O 't was Jesus.

Who will His holy angels send,
 Who will the great White Throne ascend,
 To judge the world when time shall end ?
 'T will be Jesus.

Who, through a vast eternity,
 Will Zion's glorious portion be,
 While she shall reign forever free ?
 'T will be Jesus.

THOUGHTS ON JOB XXXVII. 21.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds: but
 the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."

WHEN death's dark cloud hung over Eden's bower,
 "And blasted every gay mellifluous flower,"
 How little did our father Adam know
 What floods of glory from that cloud would flow ?
 But when the Holy Spirit—wind of heaven—
 Pass'd by, the gracious promise then was given.
 Behind that cloud, for many a gloomy year,
 The faithful saw the radiant light appear.

How dark the cloud which hung o'er Abraham's way
 When he was called his only son to slay ;
 But when the Eternal's great design was known,
 What floods of glory on his vision shone.
 So, when his seed the Arabian gulf must ford,
 Led by the special guidance of the Lord,
 What to their foes increased the shades of night,
 To Israel proved a salutary light.

Thus to the church of God, while wandering here,
From gloomiest clouds the brightest lights appear :
Witness the cloud that made Job curse his day,
It made him own Jehovah's sovereign sway.
How dark that cloud which hid the lamp of day,
When Jesus breathed His precious life away :
Yet in that cloud the Christian now may see
The brightest beams that light eternity.
So, all the clouds that shade the pilgrim's way,
Contain the light of an eternal day.
Cheer up, then, traveller on life's thorny road,
These lights and shades but show thy way to God.

COMFORT FOR THE WEARY.

CHEER up, my weary, fainting soul,
The morning soon will dawn :
Wait, till thine eyes perceive the goal,
And shadows be withdrawn.
To Him who is thy strength, look up ;
He bore the cross for thee :
'T was His to drink the bitter cup
Most justly due to me.
When by thy spiteful foes assailed,
And no deliverance see,
Remember Him who never failed,
In dark Gethsemane.
Our glorious Shepherd lets us know,
That on time's stormy wave
Tossing, our feeble bark shall go ;
Yet He is bound to save.

Then will I cast myself, by faith,
Upon the oath of God,—
“Because I live, ye livè,” He saith :
This is a cheering word.

A few more waning moons shall mete
The measure of my days ;
Then shall I walk the golden street,
And tune my harp to praise.

MY BIRTH-DAY. AGED SEVENTY-THREE.

My God, accept my humble praise
For mercies ever new ;
Thy goodness shines through all Thy ways ;
Thy promises are true.

Though 't is through tribulation deep
Thy saints must make their way,
Yet Thou dost still in safety keep,
And all their toils repay.

When in the open field of sin
I in pollution lay,
Thy Holy Spirit moved within,
And taught me how to pray :

Then, gently led me by Thy love,
To feel my sins forgiven,
And drew my heart's desire above,
And made me long for heaven.

And now while I look back with awe
Upon the path I've trod,
And see how Thou in love didst draw ;
I can but love my God.

Yes, retrospectively I view
The seasons long gone by,
Replete with mercies ever new,
And comforts ever nigh.

Now, three and seventy years have run,
To measure out my days ;
And while life's weary thread is spun,
My God shall have the praise.

I'm nearing now the heavenly rest
Which for the saints remain,
When I shall lean on Jesus' breast,
Forever free from pain.

There to the house not made with hands,
My faith would stretch her wing,
Among the glorified to stand,
And join the song they sing.

Come, kindred angels, from the throne,
And lead the heavenly way ;
My spirit's eager to be gone,
To bask in endless day.

February 28th, 1862.

MY BIRTH-DAY. AGED SEVENTY-FOUR.

ONCE more I celebrate my natal day,
And sing life's moments as they melt away :
How rapidly the transient years have fled
Since I first nestled in my cradle bed !
How many of those years were lost in dreams,
Of which the memory can retain no gleams.
How many spent in labour wholly lost,
Worthless in purchase, though much pains they cost. .
Yet still I've lingered on life's stormy shore
Till those lost years amount to seventy-four.
Father, I would not scan Thy roll, to see
How many yet are in reserve for me ;
But in a watchful attitude would stand,
Listening attentive for the sweet command
To lay aside this sinful tent of clay,
And to Thy heavenly mansions soar away.

February 28th, 1863.

H Y M N .

O FOR fresh tokens of Thy love,
My Saviour and my God,
To fix my wandering heart above,
Along time's weary road.

My enemies beset me sore,
And cause my heart to groan ;
By faith I knock at mercy's door,
And make to Thee my moan.

Doth not Thy promise guarantee
(Though earth and hell oppose,)
That I shall yet victorious be,
In spite of all my foes.

Let not Thy gracious visits prove
So few and far between ;
I cannot live without Thy love—
Without Thy face is seen.

I now would give Thy works a tongue
Thy holy name to praise,
And when my dying hour shall come,
May I have dying grace.

H Y M N .

HARK, my soul, 't is thy Belovéd,
Listen to His charming voice ;
Hear His loving invitation
To the people of His choice :

“ My love, my dove, my undefiled,
My Sister and my Spouse,
Come, lean thy weary head on Me,
While travelling to My house.

“ Our mutual sympathy requires
That you should taste My cup ;
But soon your tears shall cease to flow,
Love's kiss shall dry them up.

“Soon shall the joyful hour arrive
 When I again shall come :
 Hark ! hear the chariot’s welcome sound,
 To fetch your spirit home.

“I ’ll lead you through death’s gloomy shade,
 With rich supplies of grace,
 Till your blest mansion you possess,
 And see Me face to face.

“Then, when the kingdom I resign
 Into My Father’s hand,
 As a rich trophy of My grace,
 You shall forever stand.”

L I N E S

TO THOMAS CHALMERS and SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, Sons of the Rev.
 Lewis Jack.

CHILDREN of those who fear the Lord,
 To my instructions lend an ear :
 Direct your footsteps by God’s word,
 And walk in humble, holy fear.

Pursue the path the saints have trod,
 And emulate their worthy deeds ;
 For ’t is the only way to God—
 The way that to His glory leads.

May you look down, with just disdain,
 On all the pleasures sin can give,
 For they at last will end in pain :
 By truth alone your souls can live.

May you, like Enoch, walk with God,
Though sin should everywhere abound ;
And, when you end life's tiresome road,
Your souls will then with God be found.

May you, like Abram, hear that call,
Which separates from worldly lusts ;
And in the strength of faith, leave all,
And make the Lord your only trust.

May you, like Joseph, shun the toils
Which Satan for the unwary lays ;
By special grace escape his wiles,
And ever walk in Wisdom's ways.

Though earth should show her sweetest bait,
And honour tempt with harlot lure ;
May you, like Moses, choose to wait
For those high honours which endure.

As Elkanah's belovéd spouse
Gave her young Samuel to the Lord,
So have your parents given you up,
By faith in His most holy Word.

They watch, with deep solicitude,
The way your youthful steps incline ;
And every symptom marked for good,
Will make their loving faces shine.

But, I have one example more
To place before your wondering eyes,
Of Him who our transgressions bore —
Of Him who reigns above the skies.

Oh ! seek the footprints which He left,
And strive to set your feet therein ;
For if you walk in Him, the Way,
You shall be saved from every sin.

Those holy men, whose names you bear,
Were but recipients of His grace ;
They followed His example here,
And now enjoy His smiling face.

Accept these lines, my noble boys,
From one who seeks your highest good —
Who breathes for you substantial joys,
Such as arise from trust in God.

PROVISION FOR CROSSING OVER JORDAN.

SITTING beside death's gloomy stream,
Just finishing life's empty dream,
I wait the angel call
To spread my wings and soar away
To mansions of eternal day,
To see my God — my all.

While leaving earthly scenes behind,
On what shall I sustain my mind
To banish slavish fear ?
The precious promises of God,
Contained in His most holy Word,
Shall bring deliverance near.

What He hath said for ever stands,
Firm as the works of His own hands, —
 On Him my hope is staid :
He chose me ere the heavens were formed,
Or with the solar radiance warmed,
 Or earth's foundations laid.

Satan and sin shall vex no more ;
Nor shall I fear the lion's roar :
 When I have crossed the stream,
Then all the pains of flesh and mind
Forevermore be left behind,
 Like some forgotten dream.

The hidden manna now sustains, —
The Balm of Gilead soothes my pains,
 While I on Jesus rest.
I'm nearing now the spirit land,
With palms of victory in my hand
 To wave among the blest.